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REMINISCENCES

OF

Santa Clara Valley

AND

San Jose

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Souvenir of the Carnival of Roses

HELD IN HONOR OF THE VISIT OF

PRESIDENT McKINLEY

Santa Clara County, California

May 13-14-15—1901

By AMAURY MARS

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Dedicated to the Memory

of

William McKinley

Late President of the United States

Died, Sept. 14, 1901

I TAKE THE LIBERTY TO DEDICATE THIS BOOK IN THE NAME OF THE PEOPLE OF SANTA CLARA COUNTY, TO THE MEMORY OF OUR BELOVED PRESIDENT, WHO WAS THEIR DISTINGUISHED GUEST, MAY 13, 1901, AND WHO WAS SHOT BY A COWARDLY FANATIC, AT BUFFALO, N. Y., SEP. 6, 1901

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Amaury Mars

English Edition Translated from the French by

MARTHA B. STRAUS

of San Jose, Cal.

English Editor, H. L. MILLER, San Jose, California

French Editor, L. CHARPENTIER

Paris, France

The French Illustrated Volume, Nicely Bound, 15 Francs. The English Edition, Illustrated,

Sold by all Booksellers of Santa Clara County and San Francisco.

Bound in Princess Cover, $2.00

Printed by THE MYSELL-ROLLINS CO., San Francisco

1901

Preface.

An Essential Explanation.

Will this book benefit the public?

It may seem presumptuous that I, the author of this work, should attempt to give a direct answer to the above simple question; for it is the writer who writes the manuscript; the editor who publishes it; and it is the public who is supposed to give an opinion concerning the merits of the work.

A writer, who is possessed of self-respect, and who, in the meantime, evinces a respect for the public, should always submit his manuscript to the discretion of some competent persons, sufficiently intellectual and sincere to be able to give an honest criticism and decide as to whether the book will benefit the public.

Of the several opinions that were vouchsafed me I will produce the following:

"To express myself frankly, I must say, that upon reading your manuscript, its style of literature impressed me as something out of the usual line; the pleasing descriptions, the local coloring, the mass of details that you give relating to Californian women and girls; the moral philosophy and the depth of your thoughts should certainly make it a lasting work, but one which I am inclined to fear is beyond the comprehension of the masses.

"As far as I am concerned I consider it remarkably truthful, natural and useful. As a matter of course, the benefits derived therefrom will entirely depend upon the manner in which it is read.

"Thanking you for your kindness in asking for my opinion,

"I am very sincerely,

J. Maxime Le Conte."

After having read and given my utmost and conscientious attention to various criticisms that I feel were perfectly sincere, I conned my entire manuscript again, made some alterations and delivered it into the hands of the printer, that is, after I had taken the liberty of adding "an essential explanation" to the beginning of this volume.

Being a man, I am fully aware of the fact that whoever enters the contest in behalf of morality and truth, excites hatred by the use of any form of obloquy, while, on the other hand, enconiums do not tend to the production of real friends; for there is no saying that is more truthful than: "He who would bestow compliments that are always received with pleasure, must call all nations great; must tell all men they are superior beings, and inform all women that they are perfect;" for humanity in its vanity does not seem to realize the absurdities of adulation. And

the more superficial and unimportant a person is, the more imperfect and inferior, the more does he delight in being exalted, flattered and glorified.

Whoever seeks for truth is always attended with disadvantage, for even verity has its slight variations, and it is these selfsame variations that are the cause of so much perplexity. And the very reasons that impress us as being forcible and convincing, when uttered concerning others, are considered insignificant and puerile when applied to ourselves. Still I cannot help thinking that this publication will be of more benefit to the country, its marvelous institutions and its inhabitants than the vast quantity of prospectuses, advertisements and historical souvenirs, abounding with half-tones that are at times delivered to the public. And I would now most respectfully call your attention to the fact that the fountain of compliments is about to overflow and it is high time that ye all extend your goblets that they may be filled according to your tastes.

That remark naturally reminds me of Dr. Cogswell, who, in the modest desire to prove to his fellow beings that he was a great philanthrophist, erected a statue to himself, that is, he presented a cast-iron facsimile of his own august person to various cities that the masses might be edified in contemplating it. And this same peculiarity is possessed by a certain young lady, whom I number among my acquaintances. This bewitching creature, after decking herself from head to feet, stands before a mirror, which reflects her precious person most accurately; then smiling, she caresses herself and is willing to admit that she is charming, beautiful and perfect. Yet I, a discreet observer, had not informed her of that fact.

I consider anything that tends to elevate or praise itself a species of coquetry, and flattery of this kind should always be regarded with a certain amount of suspicion.

I have not been chary of either my admiration or enthusiasm regarding the marvels of the Valley and San Jose, nature's exuberance, the delicious climate, the charitable institutions that cover this portion of the Golden West with glory I have been perfectly sincere and have stinted my praise in no manner, and it seems to me that as long as I have been so truthful in matters concerning the beautiful, I am forced to adhere as faithfully to the real facts in all pertaining to the opposite. And it is this very contrast that tends to give the veracity its incontestible value.

Though the private life of an individual does not appertain to the public, the biography of the masses is a part of the history of a country, and though the historian should be as accurate as possible in recording the results of his inquiries, while giving vent to his information, he should never overstep the bounds that are forbidden by the laws of morality.

A. Mars.

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Board of Supervisors of Santa Clara County, California



Reminiscences of Santa Clara Valley and San Jose

Part I.

Santa Clara Valley.

Spots, Villages, Homes.

Chapter One.

MOUNT HAMILTON—ALMADEN MINES.

Hidden behind Mt. Hamilton, Phœbus dons her Golden Helmet,
And mounting brilliant, shines forth the Glorious Sun!

Behold the sun as it rises at the matutinal hour in July!

This first Californian aspect at early dawn is unique; a dazzling sheet of light inundates our room, and glimmering beyond in the open air, with slightly purplish tinge, spreads over all like an incandescent cloak from one end of the horizon to the other; nor is a single cloud in sight, and

There's everywhere 'neath a fiery sky,
An exuberance of life—
Serenely blue is all, on high—
And plentitude is rife.

It is a feast of light and air, the eyes are dazzled at the sight, and would fain close with joy beneath this streaming light that is already reflected by the blazing arch of Heaven. In the distance one can distinctly see the hills as they rise step by step to Mt. Hamilton, crowned with its astronomical glory, and there beyond in a cerulific perspective, the slopes of the Sierras appear as if painted with silvery grey on the edge of the sky. And every morning perfumed kisses are wafted from the gently rustling branches of the linden trees. Suddenly in the distance a sound is heard advancing with giant tread, 'tis the mighty monster winding its way along Fourth Street, as it drags along that bunch of humanity massed in its cars—the locomotive passing with deafening noise.

We will close the window and descend—six o'clock. Oh, these mornings in San Jose, balmy and sweet as a day full of joy!

"Breakfast! breakfast!" some one is calling, and we accept the invitation so as not to lose the habit of eating.

So many have attempted to describe the marvelous beauties of Santa Clara Valley, that it seems rather presumptuous for a stranger to be desirous of painting its diverse colors, and its various forms. It would require a most versatile pen, and the knowledge of an accomplished agriculturist, besides the capaciousness of an encyclopædia, to be fully able to do justice to this dream. Alas! One must be contented with the modest title of an observer, who will but write of what he has seen, and how he saw it.

If we are enabled to conduct the reader amidst so many marvels, it is owing to the erudition and wisdom of our cicerone (the distinguished representative of France) His perfect cognizance of the country, (one might say that its birth and growth had taken place beneath his eyes) made him the most precious of companions. How charming and delightful it is to meet a kindred soul, far from one's native soil, whose sympathetic heart also re-echoes the traditional song of the skylark, (the symbolical bird of France).

And, now, oh, reader! while the sky is so clear, and all God's creatures are rejoicing and chanting in unison, we will go forth armed with umbrella, a guide and pen, to take a stroll in the garden of Hesperides—Nature's immense garden—that has been perfected by man's industry and glorified by the art of horticulture. Immortal objects, that are ever renewed with all that is beauteous in life, with all the splendor, contained in lines, form, and color. Ah, what a jollification !—the sunshine, the delicious air and the sweet odors are exhilarating.

Hurrah, for pleasure and the Santa Clara Valley!

There may be counties larger in size and more imposing in appearance. But there can be none more beautiful and luxuriant.

The Santa Clara Valley is oval in shape, flat, and mountainous in places. The land slopes slightly at an average of about ten to a thousand feet, from the south to the north, thereby facilitating the flow of the several streams.

In the days of yore, when there were but a few scattered adobe houses in San Jose the valley extended some 90 miles, from San Francisco to San Juan Bautista, and was known by the name of San Bernardino. Santa Clara Valley, as it appears at the present date, only exists since the year 1847. It covers an area of about 800,000 acres of land, and, at San Jose is some fifteen miles in width. Four miles south of the city, the hills called "homos de las grimas" (hills of tears) are situated. They



THE OLDEST GENERATIONS OF SPANISH IN SAN JOSE.

Don Ignacio Suñol, the first Mexican Alcalde of Santa Clara Valley.

Don Bruno Bernal and his Son Ignacio Bernal, well-known as a farmer in Santa Clara County.

The Original Document of the Mexican Governor appointing Don I. Suñol Postmaster for Santa Clara County in 1827.



Lick Observatory on Summit of Mt. Hamilton, Santa Clara County, Cal.

were named in commemoration of the tears that were shed by the children of the first settlers, as they camped there on their way from Sonora. Eight miles south of the city, the valley becomes quite narrow. The other two sides are surrounded by a chain of mountains extending from the northwest to the south, attaining an altitude in several places of four thousand feet. Mount Hamilton, so well known to astronomers and scientists, on account of its famous observatory, has an altitude of 4209 feet. Measuring a straight line from the City of San Jose to the observatory, the distance would be about thirteen miles; the but present route, beautiful and shaded along the country roads, then winding around the hills, is in the neighborood of 28 miles in length.

One can scarcely imagine a view so picturesque, and still so unexpected. All thought is suspended while gazing at the surroundings, which seem to extend to infinity. One is surrounded by chains upon chains of mountains, laurel trees and shrubs of mountainous growth.

The grandeur of Mt. Hamilton, (like with other great things) is only revealed through study and reflection. Seen from a distance the effect produced is imperfect. It appears smaller, and hence its magnitude escapes the eye.

Onward! Onward! The summit appeared to be quite near. But one can judge of its height by its distance. Ascending, still ascending, ever meeting with novel sights, at each advancing step it seems as if the goal were receding.

Upon arriving at the summit the view unfolded is certainly unique. Imagine a vast circle stretching out before you, covered with millions of plants, trees, shrubs and flowers, in the midst of which houses are visible, sparkling like bee-hives, 'neath the rays of the sun. The spectator is speechless with admiration and astonishment upon first attaining the center and summit of this vast amphitheater; he would fain speak, but his voice is hushed. And what increases the grandeur of this fairy spectacle is the view it commands into the far distance. At the right a gap in the bay with silvery water flowing towards the north; at the end the chain of mountains sheltering Santa Cruz; at the left a narrow opening pointing towards San Joaquin Valley, and beyond all, the snow-capped peaks of the Sierra Nevada, glisten like a rainbow beneath the sparkling sun. The air is motionless, not a sound is heard but the buzzing of insects and the chirping of birds. And to think that there are people who were born, lived and died in San Jose without ever having contemplated the marvels, or enjoyed the enlivening ascension and the opportunity of admiring this glorious institution of the country, and its

surroundings. It really seems unpardonable. Is it possible that a scientific institution of such dimensions should have been constructed for the use of but a few scientists and curiosity seekers who care to visit it? And the generous James Lick expended $3,000,000 in an act that is hardly appreciated. Is it not astounding?

But to revert to other interesting portions of the valley.

A delightful ride of some twelve miles through the country roads in a southwesterly direction from San Jose, leads to the New Almaden Mines. It is hardly necessary to write anything concerning the present history and resources of this well-known locality, as all such information can be readily obtained by any one who is desirous of investigating the matter.

The story of its discovery is so characteristic of the days of yore, that it seems more feasible to devote a little of our space to the past, rather than to the present.

It appears that the Indians were in the habit of making use of a red substance which they called *Mohetka* (red earth) for the purpose of painting themselves. This red substance is the ore called cinnabar in which quicksilver is found.

In 1824 Don Antonio Robles who had been previously informed by the natives of the existence of this rock, told Don Suñol of its location; he imagined it contained silver, and with this idea, worked the mine for a year,—after expending some four hundred dollars, and finding his efforts were unsuccessful, he abandoned the project.

In the year 1845 Andres Castillers, a Mexican officer, arrived at the Mission of Santa Clara from Fort Sutter, upon being shown some specimens of this red ore he declared it to be silver mixed with gold; it was only after experimenting that he found it to be the basis of quicksilver.

He immediately took the necessary steps to obtain formal possession of the property and, also, formed a company. It was only after some years of primitive mining, and considerable litigation, that the mine finally passed into possession of the Quicksilver Mining Company in the year 1864.

Near the Almaden Mines, the range of mountains on the western side is crowned with two peaks that seem to stand like sentinels guarding the precious metal still buried in the bowels of the earth. From each of these peaks a spring gushes forth impregnated with mercury, twisting and glimmering in an indescribable manner, flashes like a mirror in the light of the sun.



Mountain Scene Showing Beautiful Pine Trees—Coe Bros'. Ranch—Santa Clara County.



John D. Mackenzie.
First Gamewarden of Santa Clara County.

In these mountains the well-known redwood tree of gigantic growth, the king of the forest, (Sequoia Sempervirens) is found, besides quantities of oaks, madrones, sycamores, shrubs and underbrush that cover the slopes, abounding in game.

The mountains on the east side are nearly all cultivated; the primitive plants and trees being replaced by vineyards and orchards, or with fields of barley and corn. The source of the well-known Coyote River is in these mountains, from which it flows westward through the valley, a distance of more than eighteen miles, seeking the Bay of San Francisco. It may be that it fears the heat, because in summer it is scarcely visible; but during the rainy season it seems to revive and rushes forth like a regular torrent. The source of the Guadaloupe, (its mate) may be found in the mountains near Almaden; flowing in a northerly direction as far as San Jose, where, probably in capricious mood, it takes a northwesterly course, finding an outlet in the bed of the Bay of San Francisco. One might almost say that "Drought" is the evil spirit of this section of the country; and, in this case, it certainly seems to have the better of Guadaloupe, whose name was given to the river in question. In summer the stream is stagnant; and it is only in winter that its banks are flooded, bathing the parched surface of this famishing valley. For who knows how many fortunes, what labor, what hopes, have been already engulfed therein.

Chapter Two.

THE VALLEY IN THE SPRING TIME.

Notwithstanding the recriminations of many, one side of the valley appears to be more luxuriant, more interesting than the others; 'tis the northwesterly portion, which just happens to be (what a coincidence) in the very direction concerning which the legend relates: It was while two disciples of St. Hubert and of the god Mars were pursuing the king of the forest, a deer, that they discovered the immense Valley of San Bernardino, which they considered, the legend continues, "muy bonita y muy grande."

As the writer has a great fondness for legends, which rather relieve the tension of the mind in these days of booms and bluffs, he consequently entertains no idea of contradicting the little narrative.

One can scarcely help thinking that if these two brave Nimrods should return to the same place to-day, their valiant, adventurous blood would rebound at the sight, for the uncultured, picturesque, poetical valley of yore—the abode of secular trees, wild flowers, and sylvan plants, deer, bears, coyotes, and other game of a more or less interesting nature—has been transformed by the habile hand of civilized man into a verdant and sumptuous Normandy.

The deer, coyotes, and bears were slaughtered in quantities by the gentle hand of the white trapper. But the two hunters would still see the same grandiose and picturesque outlines—those majestic mountains whose noble beauty remind one of the antique gods.

Oh! How beauteous this fair land appears in spring time, when decked in flowers white as bridal robe; when the air, balmy and limpid, is laden with sweet perfume, wafted on gentle zephyrs from mountains and bay. How joyous then, when the very air seems to palpitate and tremble with a holy and ideal ecstacy! For that is the time of Nature's wedding-feast, the universal Hymen that God accords man to accomplish the miracles of germination and multiplication. Oh, Festal Divine!

And how beauteous is the sight at the close of day, after the setting of the sun, when night spreads her darkening mantle, strewn with stars.



Typical Santa Clara County Cattle Ranger—Coe Bros.' Ranch.



Victor Cauhape, the Famous Cattle Rancher and his Staff.

Oh! Those stars in California, dazzling or veiled as the glances of cherubim! And then on high at the zenith, the milky way spreads its silky folds, light and soft with the opalescent tints of mother-of-pearl.

The silence is so deep, so sweet, the spirit of poetry seems to reign, and the very trees and flowers seem to dance to a rhythmic and harmonious cadence.

But we are dreaming, it is not spring—'tis the full of mid-summer, and the fields and pastures have changed from emerald green to golden yellow.

"A period, let us pause here," our professor of philosophy would often say to us—he was a good man, very intelligent, yet simple in his manners. Let us pause here, and curb this imagination which threatens to become grandiloquent. But we would beg the reader to have patience, and if the writer at times seems to be somewhat enthusiastic and too much of an optimist, remember that beauty itself is not so much what is apparent to the eye, as what is contained in the soul of the one who feels and expresses it. Every author, every artist, has his own point of view, the intuition which enables him to see and feel concerning such matters as might be witnessed continually by others and hardly considered worthy of their notice.

Chapter Three.

THE VALLEY IN THE SUMMER TIME.

The condition of the roads is surprising; they are kept in excellent condition under all circumstances; they are sprinkled every day, and the most of them are bordered with majestic shade trees, serving as a protection from the heat of the summer months.

The tourist is most delightfully impressed, as the handsomest trees and the most luxuriant foliage greets his eye; the elm, eucalyptus, fir, acacia, pepper, Japanese umbrella, walnut, palm, oak and wild cherry trees are seen in all directions. And what is particularly striking to an European is to see growing side by side with the indigenous plants, such exotics as palms, cacti, magnolias, bananas, and euphorbia, all growing as vigorously as though in the torrid zone.

During the summer season, all women desirous of obtaining employment apply to the various establishments engaged in the process of drying and shipping fruits. A lucky coincidence enables many of the school children to pass their vacation in earning a few dollars, with which to buy clothes, books, a bicycle, or to their own detriment, perhaps sweets. At this season of the year the valley is most interesting, and we can scarcely help thinking that it is a great mistake for any one to visit California without witnessing the fruit picking, and the wondrous labor that follows it.

It would be an impossibility to mention all the appliances, all the practical inventions the American mind has resorted to. It is really phenomenal. Here one can see thousands of persons working together, each one going ahead regardless of all others, without even conversing or eating any of the fruit. It is particularly extraordinary when one realizes that many of the co-workers belong to the fair sex. They are thus forced to continually exercise their resistance against temptation; the tortures of Tantalus, as it were.

People in Europe can form no idea of the various kinds of machinery used for the dipping, drying, cutting, etc., of the fruit. Here, everybody comes and goes, cool and collected, concerned about nothing outside of self in a manner that is altogether Yankee.



Birds-eye View of Victor Cauhape's Ranch.



In Alum Rock Canyon.

Chapter Four.

ALUM ROCK PARK.

The artist, or the author, who entertains the idea of presenting a truthful work to the public; in whatever shape it may be, a painting, prose or poetry, should visit the spot he is about to portray, and become, as it were, fully impregnated with the very atmosphere of the surroundings.

Alum Rock, that natural, rugged and picturesque gorge, delineated as it appears at present, would suffice to create the most magnificent picture, the most beautiful poem or the most delightful of chapters.

When viewing it from a distance, the glance is greeted by a chaos of summits, thickly covered with a growth of sylvan plants, all capped with deep blue air; clouds at times drift to and fro; or a transparent fog is suspended overhead like a milky gauge.

Every stranger whose footsteps lead him into Santa Clara Valley; every tourist who loves the beautiful and picturesque, is enjoined to go and breathe the pure air, to taste of the mineral springs that flow forth from the mountain slopes like streaming nectars, or to plunge bodily into those pools of ferruginous and sanitary waters, that is: to go and enjoy the delights of rusticating on the grass beneath the spreading shade of majestic, verdant oaks, in the midst of a sumptuous nature and the singing of birds.

Taking San Jose as a point of departure, no pleasure jaunt can be so readily accomplished, and prove as delightful. The trip can be made on horseback, in a carriage, on a bicycle, by rail, automobile, or on foot, by way of three very practicable routes.

The principal road, a broad and beautiful thoroughfare, is a continuation of Santa Clara street; it is bordered on both sides with stately trees, which envelope the passers-by with the shade of their boughs. For a distance of several miles the acclivity is very gradual, but as one attains the end of the promenade it becomes more irregular, more hilly and more picturesque And if you pause a moment as you enter the gorge to look into its mighty depths your glance is greeted by a delightful, novel, and one might say, grandiose view.

You see a defile, in which waves of balmy air are engulfed, enclosed there by immense natural ramparts, that are formed by the mountains;

and as you continue slowly upon your ascent the wheels of your vehicle graze the sides of secular rocks as you zigzag along at their base, where a route has been improvised that leads to the round point.

Then the scene changes, for there the hand of man has arranged several cottages, a bath-house (where cold and hot baths can be taken) a pool of ferruginous water, a handsome aviary, lawns, games, fountains, a paddock with deer, that is to say, all that modern imagination can invent for the delight and comfort of humanity. It is also pleasant to journey by the other routes that traverse a magnificent plain, teeming with an exuberance of life and verdure. The trip by rail is particularly enticing, and gives rise to sensations that are altogether unusual; it is an uncommon sight to see that steam engine vomiting forth its dingy smoke in the silence of those coves, as it drags along the three or four open cars, laden with pleasure-seekers.

The road seems to have been constructed for the very convenience of this diminutive motor, for it undulates along its way, in the midst of masses of shrubs and foliage that rustle gently in the breeze, as the cars glide swiftly by them; and at times your head seems to twirl, as you go crashing over a bridge that trembles beneath its human load.

At the station the passengers alight, and each one wends his way to his favorite spot. Those who are fond of company gather in groups in some particular place under the gnarled branches of some hoary tree to indulge in a rustic luncheon or a siesta in mid-air, and others follow the bent of their inclination, by seeking solitude and enjoying the pleasure of being in the vicinity of the springs or cascades. We were of the latter number and really experienced the deep impression of some inexplicable charm. It is a well-known fact that although one may become imbued with and feel the effects of a charm, it is an impossibility to give a clear and logical explanation of its power, and those who have never been conscious of this feeling will not be able to comprehend the sweet sensation, the rapturous enjoyment that prevades one in the midst of Nature's beauties.

Little by little all mundane thoughts leave us, and the soul calmly and sweetly reigns supreme; the air seems full of romance; we are in the depths of revery, and melodious strains of music floating to our ears as though with suspended breath, seem to envelope us with divine harmonies.

'Tis ecstasy, soft and deep,
Like the dreamland of sleep,
That the quivering wood imbounds;
While each floating breeze
From the grey boughs of the trees
Brings a chorus of Nature's sounds.



Drinking Fountain at Alum Rock Park.



But why should we essay to describe the charm that permeates our whole being like a soothing balm?—why? Although the very attempt seems futile, still we will try. Imagine yourself girded with the skin of a chamois or izard, such as the primitive shepherds wore in their artless simplicity, knowing naught of our modern civilization, and cognizant of nothing in the world beyond God and Nature. You are dreaming, for your thoughts are dwelling on the glories that unroll their wealth before you.

In this enclosure, framed in, as it is, with grandiose and colossal heights, all impressions of modern life are dispersed, for it is Nature which alone presides. How strange is it to behold those immense objects that seem to spring from the ground! Was it a spirit of capriciousness that caused our mother earth to cast them forth from her bosom? What mysterious and formidable power effected those evolutions? This is a problem beyond our ken, and many are the scientists, who have been and still are baffled at these overwhelming enigmas. And to think that but a few thousand years have sped their course since the blue waves of the sea covered all those summits, which to-day stand unveiling their beauties to the sky.

And then the mortals came, and thinking the place pleasing to the sight and salubrious, they cleaved these mountains and rocks, which contained the springs that cure the ill, strengthen the weak, and kill all microbes.

And they have constructed houses, reservoirs and fountains since the year 1891. Such is the origin of Alum Rock.

But we must not drowse, dreaming behind a rock like a lizard; one must see all the sights, without being able, alas, to depict them.

For who can describe the sound of the murmuring of cascades, the rustling of leaves, or the melodious strains that issue from the throats of the creatures that inhabit the spot, with the accompaniment of distant echos?

Would you admire the unexpected?—follow the path that leads to Penitencia Creek Canyon. Would you behold marvels?—look at the Pagoda and the Penitencia falls.

In our day dreams, we have often thought how delightful it would be if we could but meet an artist with a soul in communion with our soul, whose genius hand could paint those colors, those marvels as we see them; but alas! it is but a dream, for there is no artist who can represent the exact counterpart of God's sublime work—Nature!

But the light of day takes on deeper, darker hues, for it is the hour that God has chosen to bid Phœbus depart, and little by little and

reddening, as if with a blush, the sun disappears behind the mountain. Then the moon, pleased at the departure of its proud rival, that eclipses it in the eyes of man shows its immense round face, and suddenly as if by enchantment an invisible hand illuminates the sky with dozens, with hundreds, with thousands, of little twinkling globes of light.

The senses are greeted by pungent resinous odors that seem to exude from the soil, all mingled with the perfume of numerous alpine plants. It is truly entrancing, and strange to say, all human beings have retired within their houses, for they do not comprehend nor appreciate this magnificent and melancholy nocturnal scene.

Then a silence, so sweet, so deep, so majestic, reigns over all and the poetic sense that always sleeps in our inner depths awakens, and this song floats from our heart:

As 'twere incense sweet, a delicious perfume
Is exhaled from the paling flowers;
And the mysterious charm of Night's deep gloom,
Our senses overpowers.

Then:

Waken the songsters of Night, to take flight,
Noiselessly cleaving the air with their wings;
And the zenith is dense with sparkling rings,
When fair Venus appears—for 'tis Night!

How beauteous, how fair the sight! Oh, that we could forever enjoy such peace of soul! The crickets, the bats, the frogs all join their voices in a universal concert, and the moon which now appears enormous, irradiates the heavens, while one by one the stars have paled besides its glaring light. Fair Luna is avenged on the Sun!

But it is high time that we retrace our steps, for the residents of Alum Rock will soon be slumbering. Gazing from our window in the dim light beneath the glimmer of the stars, we can see the outlines of the houses stretching far out into the distance; and beyond in the perspective, the leaves of the trees tremble, stirred by the zephers that are gently wafted from the neighboring hills, and we even seem to hear the park breathing before it composes itself in sleep.

Five o'clock! What, five o'clock in the morning! Is it possible! How brief the night, and how glorious and promising is the morn!

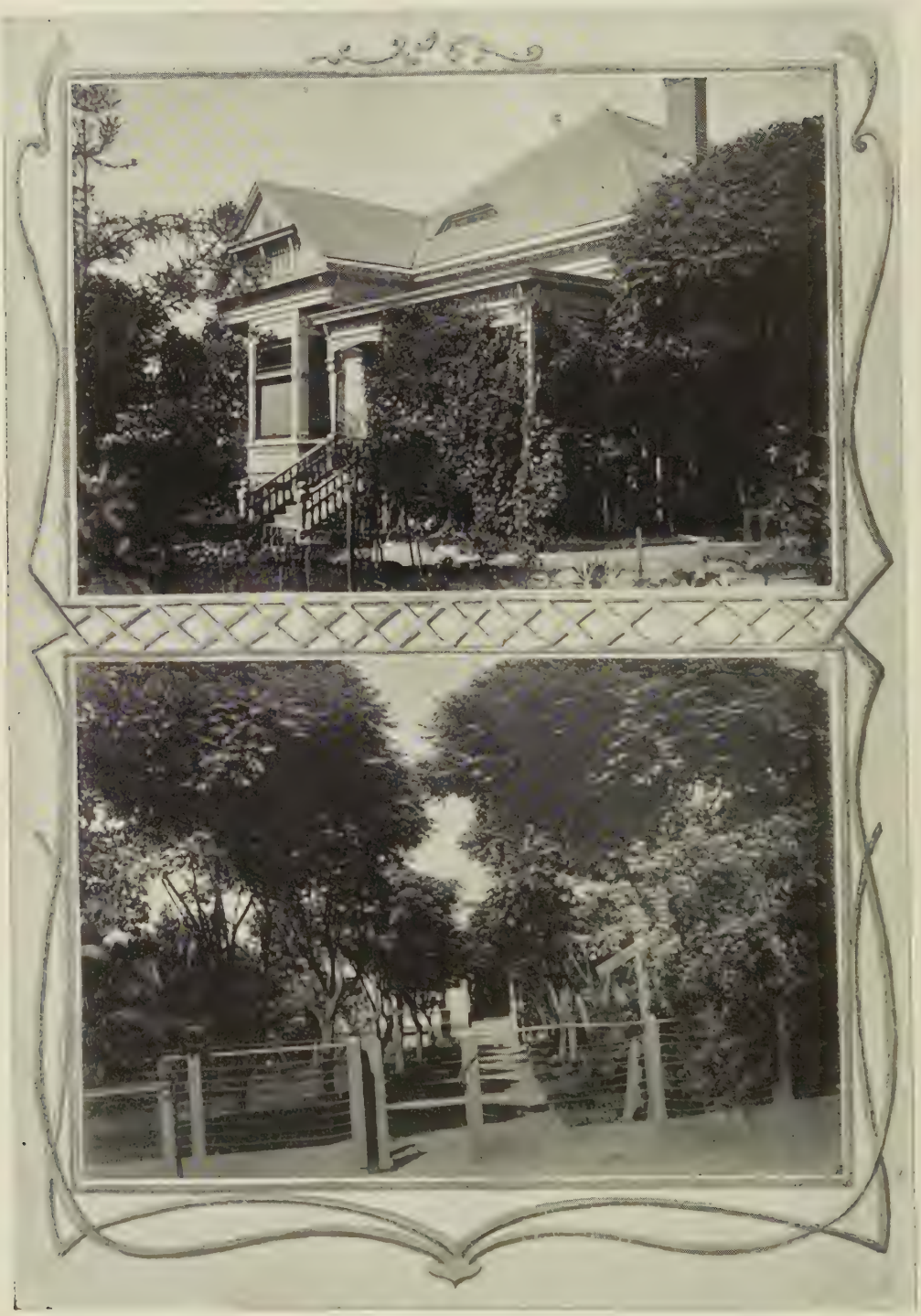
Get up, you indolent creature.

A flood of light suddenly obliterates the last shades of night; the trees and summits appear, faintly delineated on a background of grey haze; and the birds sing, for this is the awakening of the park.

Have thy slumbers been restful and sweet, pretty park? "Ha!" it seems to answer "my slumbers are always restful and sweet, for am I



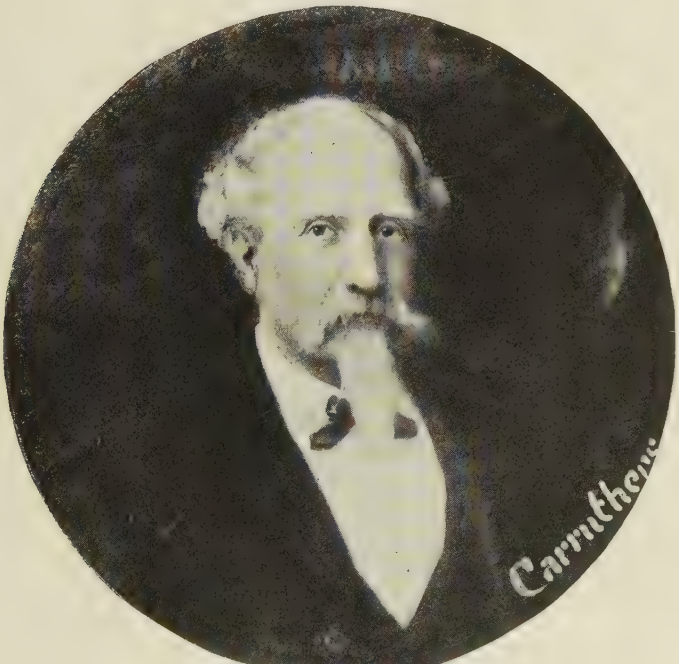
California Quail.



Victor Cauhape's Residence—San Jose, Cal.

not the reposeful spot of the physical and cerebral activity of man?" Then suddenly behind the mountains, a new guest is apparent glorious, luminous and celestial! Unwittingly our eyes close beneath this dazzling light, and when we open them again, all the creatures in the park have awaked from their sleep. Confused harmonies have arisen, vibrating and swelling into one great Hosannah! A strange, yet sublime emotion seems to possess us, it is a reminiscence, a reminiscence of a distant land—our own beloved country, France. And our thoughts revert to some twenty years in the past, to our dear old home, for it also nestled in the depths of a creek, a little park.

The selfsame climate, the selfsame aspect. And two great tears rolled slowly from beneath our closed eyelids, tears for past memories and happiness.



PEDRE DE SAISSET,

French Vice-Consul at San Jose, who accompanied the Author of this Work through the Santa Clara Valley.

This engraving is a facsimile of an original oil painting executed by Ernest de Saisset.

Chapter Five.

AROUND THE VALLEY—THE ALAMEDA—SPOTS AND VILLAGES—SANTA CLARA COLLEGE—RANCHO DE LAS LLAGAS.

It would be difficult to enjoy a more delightful and ideal excursion than that of speeding across the valley on a glorious summer day. How balmy was the air! And in all directions, beneath the radiant sun the dewdrops sparked like diamonds on the leafy trees, bushes, and tufts of grass. It was a rural scene, for we saw trees, hedges and shrubs spreading out into the far distance. We heard the twittering of winged creatures and saw humming-birds darting like arrows amid the leaves and pausing to kiss the flowers with honeyed bills.

It seemed as if these were the most delightful moments we had ever experienced in life, and a deep and sweet impression will no doubt be forever left in the depths of our memory.

On high the azure sky, suspended like a royal mantle over mountains and plains overhung the fairy panorama. Oh, that panorama!

Nothing has been omitted by the artistic hand of man; and from all the surroundings an intangible something seemed to escape, imbuing us with delight. And while engrossed in admiration we could feel the enthusiasm within us at the sight of those trees, with branches bending under their burden of fruit. And we seemed to see the very flowers and fruits blooming and ripening before our eyes, as if they were expanding with the heat of the sun.

We forgot all worldly cares, and the soul seemed to commingle, as it were, with the radiance of the starry clematis, the heavenly glory of the delphiniums; the royal purplish tints of the foxgloves, with the mystic heraldry of the iris, the camelias, cornflowers and magnolias, with the purity of lilies, daises and geraniums, the majesty of roses and the sweet perfume of oleanders, and we even imagined we saw some of the flowers, such as the convolvuli opening and closing their corollas.

Ah! That we could prattle in the blessed language of flowers!

Further on the ruder fragrance of sage, fennel, rosemary, mignonnette and other plants too numerous to mention was wafted to us.

But we were obliged to waken from this sweet dream of flowers that



A Beautiful Home in Santa Clara—Residence of Hon. H. G. Bond.



The Old Parchment Sacred Hymn Book—Father R. E. Kenna, S. J., President Santa Clara College.

had come to us at dawn of day, and we hastened along Santa Clara street, driving through the Alameda, a broad road, graced on both sides with handsome houses and rows of shade trees. A pretty tale is told relating to this avenue; it seems that in the early days its center was marked by a row of immense willow trees that had been planted by the Mission Fathers, and connected by massive chains for the purpose of keeping the cattle within bounds. These trees, it is said, shaded the road like an arbor in some places, and gave it the appearance of a park, making it the favorite driveway of the inhabitants of that period. Strange to say, a total disregard for the legend must have prevailed, because some years ago their destruction was accomplished owing to certain enthusiasts, who were imbued with the spirit of progress and a desire to construct an electric road along the very line, where the trees had flourished for over one hundred years. And thus it was that the growth of a century was laid waste in a few short days.

This avenue leads directly to Santa Clara, a pretty and reposeful village of heroic memory, of which poetical and melancholy legends are related pertaining to the founding of the Mission. The original Church is still in perfect condition, and adjoining it is the well-known Santa Clara College, an institution of learning, conducted by the Jesuit Fathers, of which the following is a description:

SANTA CLARA COLLEGE.

(Translated from the French by the Fathers of the College.)

The narrow space at our disposal will not permit us to dwell at great length on this Institution, of which our engravings present a bird's-eye view. As the result of our repeated visits to the College, there has sprung an Educational Philosophy that the reader will find at the end of these pages.

But, at the outset, we should cast a retrospective glance at an Institution which, in its way, is almost an ideal. In 1777, the Mission of Santa Clara, represented in our engravings, planted its Cross; and that Cross is to this very day rising on high as a beacon light, which has illumined and guided the first advances of civilization in this far-off land. But on account of the invading hosts of new generations, the holy work that cared for souls alone, had to devote itself to education as well. But who would be the chosen instruments to make the desired change, while the original work of the Saintly founders was continued, except the most approved ecclesiastical teaching body—the Society of Jesus?

Worthy successors of the Franciscans, the Jesuits bravely undertook the enterprise on the 19th of March 1851, with Father Nobili at their head. Under his enlightened leadership, the Fathers quickly established an excellent system of education, that of a complete amalgamation of moral science with the practical sciences in their most elevated and broad sense. And why, in very truth, should not moral science take the precedence of the other sciences? For it is moral science which shows the existence of duty and establishes it on the very constitution of our intelligence and reason, and on the nature of Society? Why, daily experience vouches for the fact that without the basis of a moral education to rest on, even the finest intellects soon fall into a degrading materialism which stultifies and makes them unhappy.

But to keep these reflections for a later hour and continue on our modest description; hardly had four years elapsed since the arrival of the Jesuit Fathers at Santa Clara, than they saw their effort crowned by the State bestowing on the College the title and the privileges of a University. But what is meant by a University? A place where the universality and unity of learning is taught in the highest and widest conception accessible to human intelligence. To this epoch, we have to trace the beginning of all the necessary but brilliant changes that the College has undergone.

At the date of this writing, the establishment, as seen from the road to Santa Clara, is superb with harmony and comeliness; it looms up in the middle of a grand valley of verdure enclosed by distant mountains. The College grounds cover ten acres of flat surface which the sun floods from morning to night with its brilliant rays. The buildings front on a magnificient lawn laid out parterre-like, whence majestic tropical plants and palms raise, as by enchantment, their glorious heads heavenward and look toward the Mission Cross on which we read:—"He that shall persevere to the end, shall be saved."

The steepled Mission Church stands opposite the venerable Cross and is an oblong of goodly dimensions, which, viewed from a distance, seems to be the central building. At the left lies a quadrangle of constructions with converging axis, composed of seven buildings, each of which is devoted to some special study. From the windows of each one of these (buildings,) the eye rests on a rich and beautiful garden. At the right stretches a vast court-yard for recreation, dominated by the Natural Science building, where are taught Physics, Chemistry, Philosophy, Mathematics, Geology, Anthropology, &c.

But let us leave the yard and the garden and betake ourselves to the Library, where you will find some 17,000 volumes. Retracing our steps



The Old Mission in 1847—Birds-eye View of Santa Clara College in 1900.



Santa Clara College.



Exterior and Interior of the Church—Santa Clara College.



Interior Views of Santa Clara College.

from the Library and stopping a while on the platform at the entrance, we looked to the South and saw the olive, the tomato, the egg-plant, the grape-vine and the fig-tree laden with luscious fruit. But even here, Horace's dictum—"omne hilit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci"—has not been overlooked; for as we wend our way to one side of the garden, we are ushered into the Conservatory—the floral gems of which inebriate the senses.

The trained observer, with his habit of taking quick notice of every particularity, finds himself delightfully recreated, when, amid the lawless productions of materialism, he is fortunate enough to meet a work that rests on a basis other than Scepticism and Atheism.

After the so-called overthrow of religious faith our Century would trust in Science; but by Science it meant principally the Materialistic Sciences of nature, as nowadays taught in the Universities, with the proud pretension that they touch the very heights of intellectual culture. In the United States, these Universities are veritable palaces, rivaling with each other in splendor, comfort and even luxury, and affording every facility for practical studies. To the superficial observer, at least, of these complex organisms, it would seem that the youthful brain which comes forth from there, has nothing more to learn, nothing more to desire. But alas! what an error is this and how much is to be allowed for these high pretensions? If you doubt it, you have but to examine some of their best students to ascertain that the education they have received is quite shallow. No doubt some of these fine youths are endowed with splendid memories and will be able to rehearse before you some of the lessons they have conned. But, if a few years after they have left the University, you examine them again, you will not fail to be astounded at their want of mental discipline and their ignorance of both speculative and moral philosophy.

The tendency of Universities is to teach everything with a view to practice; to show a young man how to act, how to play the best game, how to make money; the learning they impart barely rises to the idea of Art, because they omit the teaching of that which alone can elevate to that height,—we mean the science of morality and of unselfishness. The pupil of the public schools and of the Universities lies literally buried, during his educational term, under the crushing weight of the multitudinous studies he is obliged to get through. The load of new ideas and an everchanging pedagogy must surely fatigue and burden his brain. Our University student must, during the period of a few hours per day, swallow all the sciences; an egregious folly this, in view of the

fact that his brain is too weak to stand such an avalanche of things new and to him incomprehensible.

Now, under such a system, what is the fate of the child? Well, he is a thing nipped in the bud, a nonentity, incapable of self-motion in the domain of any profession where he would otherwise have shone to advantage.

True, there is no country in the world (let us pay this homage to the United States), where the people are more instructed and more enlightened. But if it is a question of true savants, scientists, erudite men who throw a halo of glory on the world by their unselfish exploits, there is no civilized country comparatively speaking, so sterile as the United States. In literature, in the theatre, in poetry, plagiarism prevails with an unheard of sansgêne. And if we may draw inspiration from a sentence of Goethe—that the deepest or rather the unique theme of the world's history, the one to which all the rest are subordinate, is the conflict between belief and unbelief—we would observe that those epochs where a belief prevails, whatever otherwise may be its form, constitute the salient epochs of history, full as they are of memories that make the heart throb and of substantial gains for all times present and future.

Contrariwise, those epochs where unbelief, it matters not under what form, achieves its disastrous victories, even when they bring, as in the United States, a semblance of well-being and success, dwindle finally into insignificance. There is no getting out of this; for societies as well as for individuals, there is need of a moral support, an intellectual aspiration, an ideal which sustains and directs life amid distracting cares and the dryness of scientific studies; and without this an entire people soon fall back under the rule of those inferior laws that presided over its birth—the struggle for existence.

Alas! here is the language the Universities hold to us:—"Cui bono teach Moral Philosophy? Why, it will raise spontaneously and shape itself out of the study of the particular sciences; present as it is everywhere, it need not be studied in itself."

We must avow in all humility that we cannot see the validity of this reasoning, no, not even for the future of actual society; for this society is strongly addicted to the worship of a pagan idol—the golden calf—and there is no remedy for that dread disease which exhausts and kills it, except in moral Philosophy as taught in private establishments.

Briefly, since this country has gone so far ahead of other peoples in the work of renovation, it should at least seek to outstrip them also in



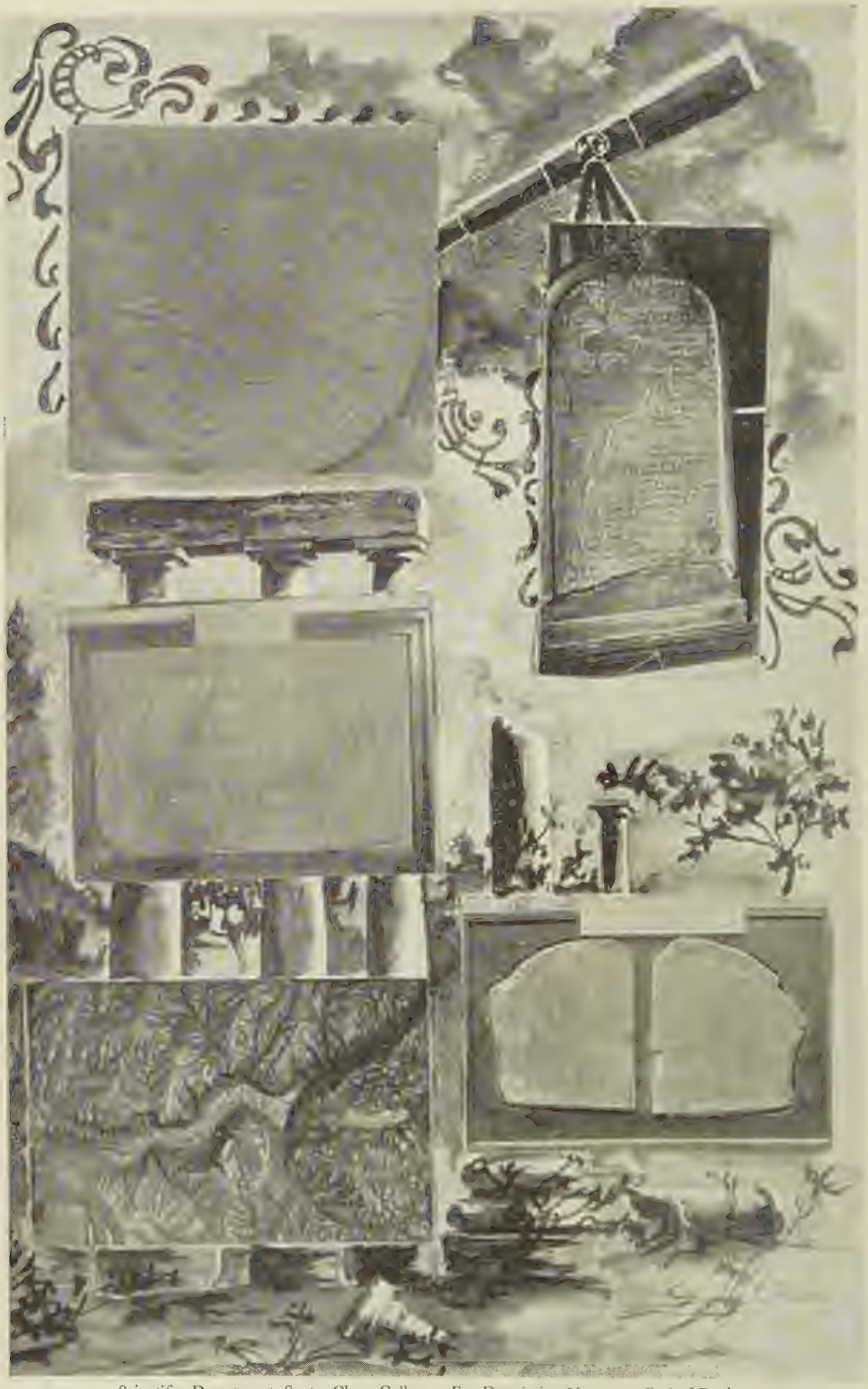
Views of the Grounds of Santa Clara College



Views of Santa Clara College.



Scientific Department Santa Clara College—For Descriptive Notes see End of Book.



Scientific Department Santa Clara College—For Descriptive Notes see End of Book.

the more urgent business of Philosophical Morality; for it is a plain fact that mankind cannot afford to be playing a purely losing game that will only enlarge the measure of its unhappiness.

A nation is truly great when it strives for universal happiness, not only for its own, but for that of all others.

The Universities and the public schools of the United States are traveling on the road of which Parmenides said:—"At the end of it are the gates of day and night, the side of Error and the side of Truth." On the choice they will make hangs the future of this great country.

As for ourselves, the side of Truth and Happiness is the one where Science goes hand in hand with Moral Philosophy; any other way is but a blind alley whereon you can advance for some time, indeed, but with the certainty that you will have to retrace your steps to the open road.

Let us be grateful to the Fathers of the Society of Jesus that by steadily keeping on the right road, they thus mark their passage on earth as men of sterling virtue.

Leaving the College we drove in a westerly direction until we neared Los Gatos, a picturesque hamlet glittering in the sunshine midst the fields and hills. Glimpses of pretty cottages and orange groves met our glance, as we moved on rapidly in the direction of Saratoga, the most rural and probably the most pleasing village in the valley; enclosed as it is by mountains, it is a marvelous nest implanted in the midst of magnificent orchards, and is renowned for its healthsome springs called "Pacific Congress Springs." Here we rested our horse and while breathing Nature's most delicious air, wished we could (with the aid of God) induce the feeble to come to this place to renew their strength, and their life.

Wending our way at hap-hazard along broad and magnificent roads, after one hour we suddenly noticed a railroad track, and following it, found that it led to Gilroy, the most important borough in the valley. The little town is surrounded by scenery of the most beautiful and luxuriant type. Gardens, orchards and meadows appear and disappear before the astonished eyes of the visitor. There are some well-conducted dairys in the neighborhood, and a perfect system of irrigation belonging to the township.

We then retraced our way, passed Rucker Station and stopped at San Martin to admire the exquisite perspective produced by Morgan Hill. San Martin is laid out at the foot of a mountain in a magnificent amphitheater; it is one of the prettiest villages in the valley and seems to be lending a hand, as it were, to one of its offshoots, Morgan Hill, which has been in existence but a few years.

We continued our journey to visit the property of Mr. Leopold Lion. Along the country road, the view presented to one's sight is that of an immense oval expanse of land. No scenery can be more picturesque than this extent of country, seemingly framed with mountains.

What a sight it was to behold all those old oaks and majestic sycamores. One's eyes actually glisten with pleasure while surveying that rural picture formed of pastures, grain fields and orchards, all teeming with a vegetation that seems to expand beneath the sun's golden rays.

We sped along a well constructed road, undulating to the right, which is sprinkled every day, and it was not long before the southeastern section of the San Francisco de Las Llagas Rancho was reached. It is a vast stretch of land, hilly in portions and triangular in shape. A chain of hills from 300 to 400 feet in height, divides the property into two portions. The surface of these hills is level and easy to mount on account of the gentle acclivity of the land. A thick layer of virgin soil, excellent for cultivation, facilitates the production of all kinds of fruits and cereals, and would be particularly adapted for the growing of grape-vines. On each side of this chain of hills, the land inclines in a succession of plateaus; a formation tending greatly to facilitate the flow of water.

The first of these plateaus, having a circumference of about three miles, is planted in barley, alfalfa and corn, and at its base, a magnificent terrace stretches out, darkened by the luxuriantly spreading branches of the fruit trees.

The Llagas Creek, which is the branch of a river, and the source of several springs, flows along the northern part and in the rainy season is deep and full of flowing water. Owing to this advantage a magnificent system of irrigation has been devised, by means of which the water is conducted through metal pipes in all directions of the plateau exceeding a distance of two miles.

Our engravings can give but a faint idea of this immense piece of property, for it is the largest extent of land in this section of the country; and only ten years ago, it was but a vast uncultivated field, covered with a growth of wild plants, brush, oaks and sycamores.

It would require a visit of several days in order to enable one to form a perfect idea of the entire place; for instance, it takes several hours to go through the orchard, which contains some 330 acres of land, all planted with the choicest varieties of fruit trees. It is impossible to describe the effect produced at the sight of those 30,000 trees, with branches laden with fruit, bending nearly to the ground; and while



Congress Springs—Saratoga.



Leopold Lion.
Owner of Las Llagas Ranch near Gilroy, Santa Clara County.



Rancho de Las Llagas—Gus Lion, Manager—General View of the Orchard in Blossom.



Rancho de Las Lagas, Gila Lake, Mexico—View of the Dam

brushing against them, one is constantly tempted to stretch forth his hand, and pluck here, a savory peach; there, a golden juicy apricot or one of those sweet refreshing prunes. These surroundings are a delight for the senses of sight, smell and taste.

The greater part of the ranch (consisting of 5,582,550 acres) was sown in barley, and at the present time the glorious expanse of ripening bearded heads appears to the eye like a carpet of silver and gold. The crops this year have been most gratifying as a result of the efforts made by the intelligent men at the head of this great enterprise; and as this is but the beginning, it seems to prophesy a splendid and profitable future. The soil is new and rich; there is an abundance of water, and the greater part of the essential improvements have already been completed. The visitor is filled with admiration for those who can conceive and accomplish such additions of beauty to the land that supports and can but bless them.

On the way to Madrone, the mountains in the distance looked like clouds, and the valley extending at our feet resembled a vast field that had just been harvested. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon, when driving down the road, dusty white in color, we arrived at Coyote, a railroad station about twelve miles from San Jose, our present location, to which we were hurrying, regretting that we were compelled to postpone our visit to the Great Laguna Seca, a lake that supplies the water for irrigating the entire surrounding country.

We passed another station in the midst of a fertile plain, adjacent to some magnificent orchards in the vicinity of the Hayes Chynowith residence. Some one told us, it is called "Eden Vale" and truly its appearance was that of a veritable Eden.

Directly south of San Jose we drove by Hillsdale, and as we were still in the country, the view was always pleasing, for it is a pleasure to see so much vegetation, and such gigantic oaks.

We met women and girls, returning from their day's labor among the fruit; three of them, wending along their way came directly towards us. "Ah," exclaimed our cicerone, "the three graces!" Charming and graceful creatures they were, and as they passed us their smiles revealed a double row of pearls, white and glistening beneath the contrast of lips, red as a berry. They were pretty maids, and they were fully aware of the fact. We could see that as they turned about to glance at us. Adios, "the three graces" soon melted into the distance.

A tall mast crowned with its electric light indicated that we had arrived at San Jose. We dismounted. It was the dinner hour—good-bye till the morrow.

Chapter Six.

LAWRENCE STATION—MOUNTAIN VIEW—MAYFIELD—A LITTLE COTTAGE —PALO ALTO—LELAND STANFORD UNIVERSITY— THE CITY OF COLLEGES.

This charming country with its exuberant nature and delicious climate gives birth to an enchantment that cannot be defined; and what is enchantment but an impression; attempt to analyze and it escapes you, and still there is a joy, a delight, a pleasure that seems to possess one,—for the mornings in the Santa Clara Valley are enchanting. We will not enter into particulars, for who can explain the power, the secret predominance of Nature, or expound the cause of its great and alluring attractions.

In San Jose Nature prolongs the pleasure of rusticating, and adds to the success of this marvelous land, and those who chant its praises and would fain glorify it, are in the highest degree, the benefactors of this great country—America.

The following morning we started off towards the northeast and found it to be the road leading to San Francisco. After a delightful ride of seven miles, we drove up joyfully to Lawrence Station, where there was really nothing worthy of remark, unless we mention the Public School building and two churches. We next passed Murphy's Station, (the abode of the Murphy family, one of the oldest and best-known of the pioneer settlers). In this section of the valley the landscape seems to be undergoing the process of transformation, owing to the division of some large tracts of land that were sold at auction in lots of various sizes. Houses are springing up, orchards growing as if by chance; and though the roads are rather dusty at the present time, it is to be hoped it will not be long before they will be in as fine a condition as they are in other portions of the valley. Several Frenchmen reside in this section, contributing their share to the prosperity of that fruitful neighborhood.

Our vehicle, moving to the pace of a gentle trot, turned towards Mountain View in whirlwinds of dust. This village is situated eleven miles from San Jose and about four miles from the western range of mountains. It is one of the oldest settlements in the valley and being



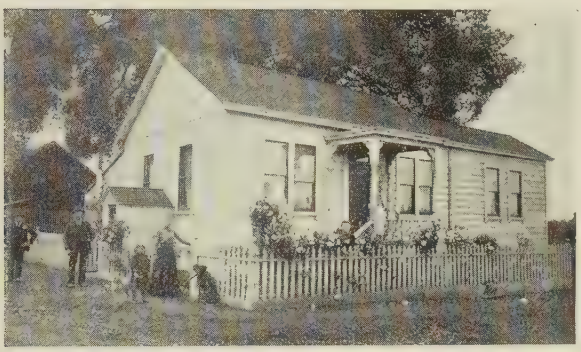
Rancho de Las Llagas—Gus Lion, Manager—The Dam at the Distance of a Half Mile



within what is called the thermal belt, is a particularly favorable location for the cultivation of grapes. Mountain View is a reminiscence of the days of old, when it served as a station for those who were traveling from San Jose to San Francisco in the stage-coach of that period. Since the construction of the railroad in 1862, the town has prospered to a remarkable degree; and it now glories in the publication of a newspaper and a public library, which possessions give the little town quite the aspect of a city.

Notwithstanding the pleasure experienced, we could not to our regret, prolong our visit in this charming region, but were obliged to hasten away to another city, which in appearance and situation proved to be just as interesting.

Mayfield, (the well named), is but a few miles from the Stanford University. It is a bewitching country town, and the houses seem to be



The Euillades' Little Home—French Orchardist near Murphy's Station

particularly attractive, encompassed as they are with verdure and flowers. To cater to the needs of San Francisco and Stanford University, a waste of land to the south of the city has been transformed by the horticulturists and gardeners into a splendid and picturesque landscape, where strawberries, raspberries, currants and all the different kinds of fruits and vegetables, grow in profusion, presenting an appetizing attraction to all the passers-by.

We stopped in front of a pretty little cottage. "How do you do?" "Come in," warbled a dove of a maiden some fifteen summers in age. Our cicerone, who has lived in this world seventy-five years, seemed bewildered—such is the power of contrast—"Come in." We scrutinized that California bud, who was lovely, lovely as her roses.

The English expression "Come in" seems to be more hospitable, and friendly than our form of invitation. "Come in, gentlemen" is delicious.

After one has frequented the largest cities in the world, where human beings are clustered together in close quarters, where they are martyred by hot and cold seasons, how delightful and surprising it was to note this difference; this wide expanse of light and air. What a pleasure to be able to enjoy once again, the beauty, the poesy, the luxuriance of Nature. And as the thought of John Keat's sweet words, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever!" came to our minds, we sped off again, this time towards Palo Alto, the far-famed spot of Santa Clara Valley. This village at times gay, romantic, or rough in appearance, is pictured in our mind in the shape of a lad, born and bred in the mountains; full of life, intelligent and studious; he is patronized by men of power who develop within him the physical and practical education essential to an American. And influenced by the march of "Public Improvement," the lad has grown, improved and prospered.

Some of the houses look like little palaces and one, the residence of Mrs. Jane Stanford, stands pre-eminent among them. Whoever goes to Palo Alto visits the seat of learning, the palace of science, the glory of California—Stanford University.

Can there be one of you, my dear readers, who has not heard of this immense, this magnificent institution? This remarkable City of Colleges, which was presented to the public by Leland Stanford, extends along the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad between Mayfield and Menlo Park on a plateau of 7,200 acres. It is surrounded by orchards and gardens filled with trees and plants of the choicest varieties.

No other country in the world can boast of such an institution, such a gift, emanating from the generosity of one man.

The grandeur and harmony of contour is not visible at a distance, but upon approaching and entering, one is struck with amazement. The architects have adhered to the original plan; a group of buildings forming a quadrangle 586 feet long by 246 feet wide. The central court with cement floor is embellished with rare flowers and tropical plants; but as it would require the volume of a Sunday newspaper to give a full description of this University which is growing daily; we will but say what is already known, that the Leland Stanford, Jr. University is without a rival, from a salubrious as well as an artistic point of view.



The Leland Stanford Jr. University—Palo Alto Cal.



A Country Palace—Mrs. Winchester's Residence—Santa Clara Valley, Cal.

Chapter Seven.

BERRYESSA—MILPITAS—ALVISO, THE LITTLE PORT—ASYLUM FOR INSANE —A COUNTRY PALACE, MRS. WINCHESTER'S RESIDENCE— THE COUNTY HOSPITAL—ALMS HOUSE.

But there is no day so lovely that it has not its morrow, and our next excursion was in the direction of Milpitas. We passed Berryessa, a little hamlet about four miles northeast of San Jose enveloped in clouds of luminous dust, and it was only with difficulty that the eyes could penetrate into the distance.

The glance glides inquisitively over these morning vistas, and fancy sees all kinds of pictures in the floating clouds.

We had taken a by-road that joins the beautiful highway leading to Milpitas, (the town of a thousand lots). We had heard wondrous tales of the place; of a museum, a cathedral, of ancient ruins that were to be seen there; but upon our arrival it did not take us long to perceive that the only antiquity in the neighborhood was a dilapitated looking warehouse, used for the storing of grain. The whole settlement consists of some houses, a railroad station, drug store, blacksmith shop and the inevitable saloon.

Having satisfied our curiosity, and appreciating the California joke, we turned at the corner and followed a somewhat primitive road that conducted us to the little port of Alviso. This harbor is about three miles from the Bay of San Francisco, and is the shipping point of all the fruits, flowers and vegetables raised in the vicinity. It happens to be the very center of the cultivation of asparagus and strawberries; there are also some oyster beds in the neighborhood, from which some of the bivalves are obtained, that supply the markets of the surrounding country.

There is a pretty view on a clear day afar off over the bay all dotted with snow-white sails.

We were told that vast improvements are in contemplation which will certainly ensure a most brilliant future for the present quaint little port.

A short distance from Alviso, about five miles north of San Jose, and near Agnews Station, there is an asylum for the insane. As we

neared the place we could not help being impressed by a feeling of sorrow. The word *insane* seems even more expressive and melancholy in the English language than its equivalent in French—a fact which is inexplicable—there is something vague in its sound, reminding one of the mental tortures, the errant ideas of the unfortunate persons so afflicted.

Unhappy mortals! What depths of sorrow in their thoughts! What misery in their language and in their weakened condition. Accursed is the decree that fills the world with aberrations; for every human being has a grain of folly within him. It is the eternal law!

All these wars, this slaughter of fellow-beings, this egotism, this corruption, can only exude from brains that are disordered. But the expiation is always terrible!

The style of architecture of the principal buildings is severe, but elegant. The imposing facade of the structure overlooks a beautiful park, and the interior appears to be remarkably comfortable and can accomodate about 1,025 patients. But we will abandon this sorrowful topic, for the weaknesses of humanity are not matters of publicity; especially when there is but little hope for help or remedy.

We continued our way down the valley road, and passed all kinds of country houses most beautifully entwined and shaded with leafy foliage, and the sight of all those pretty gardens, decked out with flowers, somewhat enlivened us.

We saw masses of haughty sunflowers, yellow as gold, quantities of dahlias dyed with richest colors, clusters of asters looking sweet and restful, fuchias, tulips, marigolds, balsams, all growing in wild profusion. Oh! How beauteous the remembrance of the colors, the dazzling light, the zephyrs wafted to us. But it cannot be possible that all those objects of beauty, met with at every step, are cultivated simply for pleasure or the love of the poetical. Oh, no! Poetry is one thing, but money . . . . .

We were aroused from our reflections as we suddenly drove in front of one of the finest pieces of real estate in the valley, and were informed that it was the property of a lady who resides there. A lady? How delightful! Is she amiable, intellectual, accomplished, handsome? The passage leading to this princely habitation is bordered on both sides with a luxuriance of flowers and through a vista of trees and climbing vines, a glimpse is obtained of the villa. The surrounding park is beautiful the useful being added to the ornamental in the shape of a finely cultivated orchard.

We next visited the County Hospital, a charitable institution, managed at the expense of the public fund. The establishment can easily











Roads and Streams – Santa Clara Valley.



General View of the County Hospital Entrance—Santa Clara County, Cal.

accommodate 180 inmates, but at present harbors but 130 patients, who are visited every day by a medical practitioner from San Jose. The operating room is similar to this apartment in other institutions of like character, and we were told that a number of successful operations have been performed.

There is a ranch adjoining and in connection with the hospital, which supplies this and another charitable establishment, (the Alms House) with fruits, vegetables, eggs, butter, and a sum of money that is added to the funds by the sale of the superfluous products.



El Lasso.

Chapter Eight.

THE CLIMATE OF SANTA CLARA VALLEY—HOMES AND SPOTS

Notwithstanding the lack of space, we cannot think of reverting to other subjects, without commenting on the marvelous climate of Santa Clara Valley, for in no spot in the world has Nature been more lavish of her gifts. The heat is never oppressive nor the cold severe; there is never too much moisture, while thunder storms and, above all, cyclones are altogether unknown here.

The bright blue sky and the clear atmosphere reminds one of Monte Carlo or Nice during spring time; however, the California winter is not so long, while the summer and autumn months are more agreeable.

Towards the end of September, the direction of the wind changes constantly, and owing to this the delights of three seasons can be enjoyed in a single day. These sudden changes in the temperature generally result in a downfall of rain. It is manna fallen from Heaven on the valley below. Then it is not long before the plains are covered with a carpet of verdure, and the mountains all decked in robes of green. The very flowers seem to rejoice, for the violets, heliotrope, hyacinths, and jasmine are all in blossom, and exhale their sweet perfume to the passer-by.

And when November comes and the southeast wind announces the approach of winter or the rainy season, the clouds thicken and pass rapidly over the mountain peaks, changing from a leaden grey in color to a smoky black. The atmosphere becomes dense and for the first time in this land a feeling of depression seems to overcome one.

At any moment the clouds open, as it were, and torrents of rain drench the soil below. A grey mist hangs over the mountains, and looming out of the darkening shadows the tall peaks stand like spectres.

The rivers flowing like torrents, the streamlets frothing and gliding like enormous serpents grey and muddy, go rushing precipitously, impetuously through the valley to the Bay of San Francisco.

And when the storm is lulled, humanity, the animals, the trees and flowers all seem to rejoice; and all that was quivering and fearful become in a few moments quiet and calm.

The animals move from their dens, the birds fly from their nests,



Medical Director. The County Hospital—Front Elevation The Superintendent.



The Superintendent. The County Alms House—Front Elevation. Medical Director.

and man comes forth from his house to contemplate the result of the water-spout that descended from Heaven. It is seldom though that the results are disastrous for the water disappears rapidly; the earth being so thirsty. Suddenly the atmosphere becomes clear as on a summer day, the sky as blue as of old, and the sun appears radiant, gorgeous and sublime.

And then when night approaches a mantle as of gauze, all dark, hangs over the mountain tops, the air in the gorges becomes dense and more visible and by degrees a veil seems to descend enclosing air and light, rendering them more palpable. A golden tissue still seems to envelope the mountain ridge, till at last the hills begin to darken, lose their outlines and melt away; for the veil of night has fallen, enveloping all and encompassing the valley.

All sleep, deep silence reigns. How sweet the dreams must be of this fair vale of Santa Clara. Here in summer as in winter, there is no heat prostration, no epidemic, no troublesome insects. It seems to the inhabitants cool and comfortable in comparison to the accounts of excessive humidity which makes so many victims during the summer in the other parts of the United States.

During the warm months, the evenings are cool and exceedingly refreshing after the heat of the day. The nights are fine and clear, the heavens glitter with stars from one end of the firmament to the other, and after once having enjoyed such nights, there is but one pleasure that remains, and that is to enjoy them again and forever.



Old San Jose.

Part II.

Souvenir

of the

Carnival of Roses

Held in Honor of the Visit of

President McKinley

Santa Clara County

Cal.

May 13, 14, 15

1901

Part II.

HOW THE PEOPLE OF SANTA CLARA COUNTY RECEIVED THE PRESIDENT—MAY 13–14–15, 1901.



The Souvenir presented to the President at the Oakland pier just before he started for Washington, May 25, 1901, at 10:30 A. M. The handsome redwood box, in which the album was enclosed, was made of bird's-eye redwood, highly polished and carved. The box was turned out by the Santa Clara Mill and Lumber Co., who very generously donated the work to the Executive Committee of the Carnival of Roses.

This handsome souvenir was bound in French calf by A. F. Brosius of San Jose.

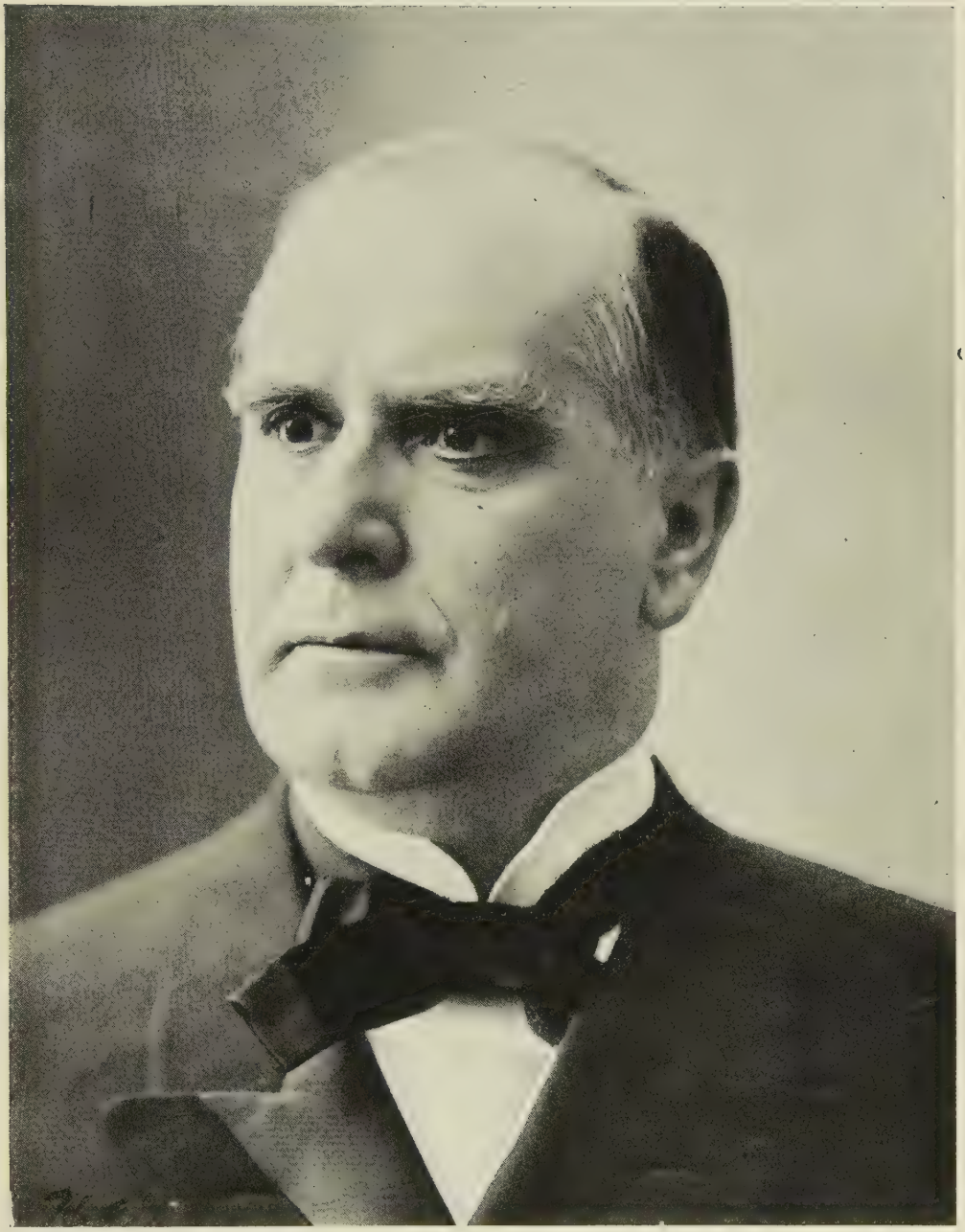
The presentation was made by Amaury Mars, who was delegated by Mayor C. J. Martin, President of the Carnival of Roses, to present it in behalf of the Executive Committee.

Mr. President: In the name of the people of San Jose and Santa Clara County and of the Executive Committee of the Carnival of Roses, I have the honor to present to you this souvenir of the Carnival of Roses, held in your honor. The box containing the souvenir is made of redwood grown in our county. I hope you will enjoy the photographs contained in this souvenir.

The President replied as follows:

Mr. Mars: I am very much pleased, indeed, to receive this beautiful present. This box is really a handsome piece of work. I will enjoy the photographs on my homeward trip. Present my best regards to the Mayor of San Jose, to the Executive Committee, to the people of Santa Clara County, who received me royally, and remember me also to Mrs. Martin, and tell her I will not forget the beautiful souvenir that she sent to Mrs. McKinley.

The souvenir album given to Mrs. McKinley by Mrs. C J. Martin was unique and beautiful, the covers being made of the vertebræ of a whale in mosaic, lined with light blue silk. The album was filled with fine photographs of California scenery; the frontispiece was hand-painted California poppies and baby blue-eyes. The whole was enclosed in a fine morocco case on which was printed in gold lettering the following: "Presented by Mrs. C. J. Martin to Mrs. William McKinley, in honor of her visit to San Jose, May 13, A. D. 1901."



William McKinley, President of the United States.



Mrs. William McKinley



Miss Maude Lillian Campbell of San Jose, who recited the following Poem to the President.

Greeting to the President.

College of Notre Dame
San Jose, May, 1901.

Hark! like a burst of gladness
From silvery trumpets blown:
"The Ruler of the Nation
Is coming to his own:

"The wearing cares and duties
Of State he casts away,
To give his far-off children,
At least, one brief, bright day."

How flashed that blissful message
Along the trembling wires,
What thrills of filial gladness,
What glow of patriot fires,—

What fervor of emotion
Stirred every heart that day,
Of all the sons and daughters
Of loyal San Jose!

He comes, the Nation's Ruler,
The heart of East and West,
Well may his happy children
"Rise up and call him blest."

He comes, the Chief, the Father,
What welcomes on him wait,
Whose hand has opened to us
The Orient's Golden Gate!

He comes to our fair Valley,
Beneath the vesper star,
Beneath the glorious banner
That he has sped so far,—

To realms of tropic beauty,
To isles of Eden bloom:—
But hark! the cheers of thousands,
The cannon's echoing boom!

He comes, the long expected,
The loved and honored guest
With her, his gentle consort,
The blessing and the blest!

He comes, our flower-starred Valley
Is radiant with the May,
And loving hearts are thronging
Exultant round his way.

He comes! Nay, he is with us,
And all our souls o'erflow
With brightness, as our hillsides
With golden fields aglow.

But standing in the presence
Of him into whose hand
The God of Might has given
The guidance of our land,—

The loftiest earthly honor
Columbia's sons may reach,—
The homage of our silence
Seems fitter far than speech.

Hence have our County's daughters
Yon wealth of blossoms brought,
Each flower a patriot poem,
Each leaf a loyal thought;

That flowers and leaves may utter
With myriad lips, today,
The wishes and the welcomes
Of the hearts of San Jose!

S. A. R.



Members of the Cabinet (flash-light) taken by Bushnell after the Reception at Hotel Vendome, San Jose, in honor of the President, May 13, 1901, at 9 p. m.



H. S. Foote, Secretary.

Chas. J. Martin, President.

A. Greeninger, Director-General.



Mrs. C. J. Martin, President of the Ladies' Reception Committee (at the right). Mrs. E. O. Smith, President of the Ladies' Auxiliary Committee (at the left).
Mrs. Frink, Secretary of the Ladies' Auxiliary Committee (in the center).



CHAIRMEN OF SPECIAL COMMITTEES.

1—Dr. H. C. Brown—Decoration. 2—W. A. Beasly—Press and Advertising. 3—F. C. Ensign—Reception of Ohio Party. 4—Jas. D. Miner—Entertainment.
5—J. W. Cook—Itinerary. 6—Capt. A. B. Cash—Grand Marshal. 7—L. J. Chipman—Flower Supply. 8—Frank Stock—Finance.



EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

1—E. Sterling. 2—Walter A. Clark. 3—Thomas A. Graham. 4—Wm. Phelps, Jr. 5—John E. Auzerais. 6—Dr. C. N. Cooper. 7—David Henderson.
8—W. C. Andrews. 9—Geo. M. Bowman. 10—Gus Lion. 11—Prof. F. P. Russell. 12—Dr. David Starr Jordan. 13—Gen. J. S. Gage. 14—Elmer Cottle.
15—A. S. Mackenzie. 16—W. G. Hawley. 17—Fiacro Fisher. 18—A. C. Darby. 19—Chas. G. Lathrop. 20—Capt. Harry Wells. 21—Jackson Hatch.



LADIES' AUXILIARY.

1—Mrs. E. J. Crawford. 2—Mrs. Chas. Flemming. 3—Mrs. A. Greeninger. 4—Mrs. Laura Delany. 5—Mrs. J. Carroll. 6—Miss Jennie Farwell.
7—Mrs. Carrie Freisker. 8—Miss Lelia Clark. 9—Mrs. Emma J. Pillot. 10—Mrs. [illegible]. 11—[illegible]



LADIES' AUXILIARY.

1—Mrs. A. T. Herman. 2—Mrs. J. W. Davy. 3—Mrs. Chas. Flemming. 4—Mrs. H. D. Matthews. 5—Mr. Dr. Stocking. 6—Mrs. E. H. Samuels.
7—Miss Edith Lantz. 8—Mrs. R. R. Bedmore. 9—Mrs. W. B. Ward. 10—Mrs. Maud Nourse.



PRESIDENT McKINLEY AT THE DEPOT.



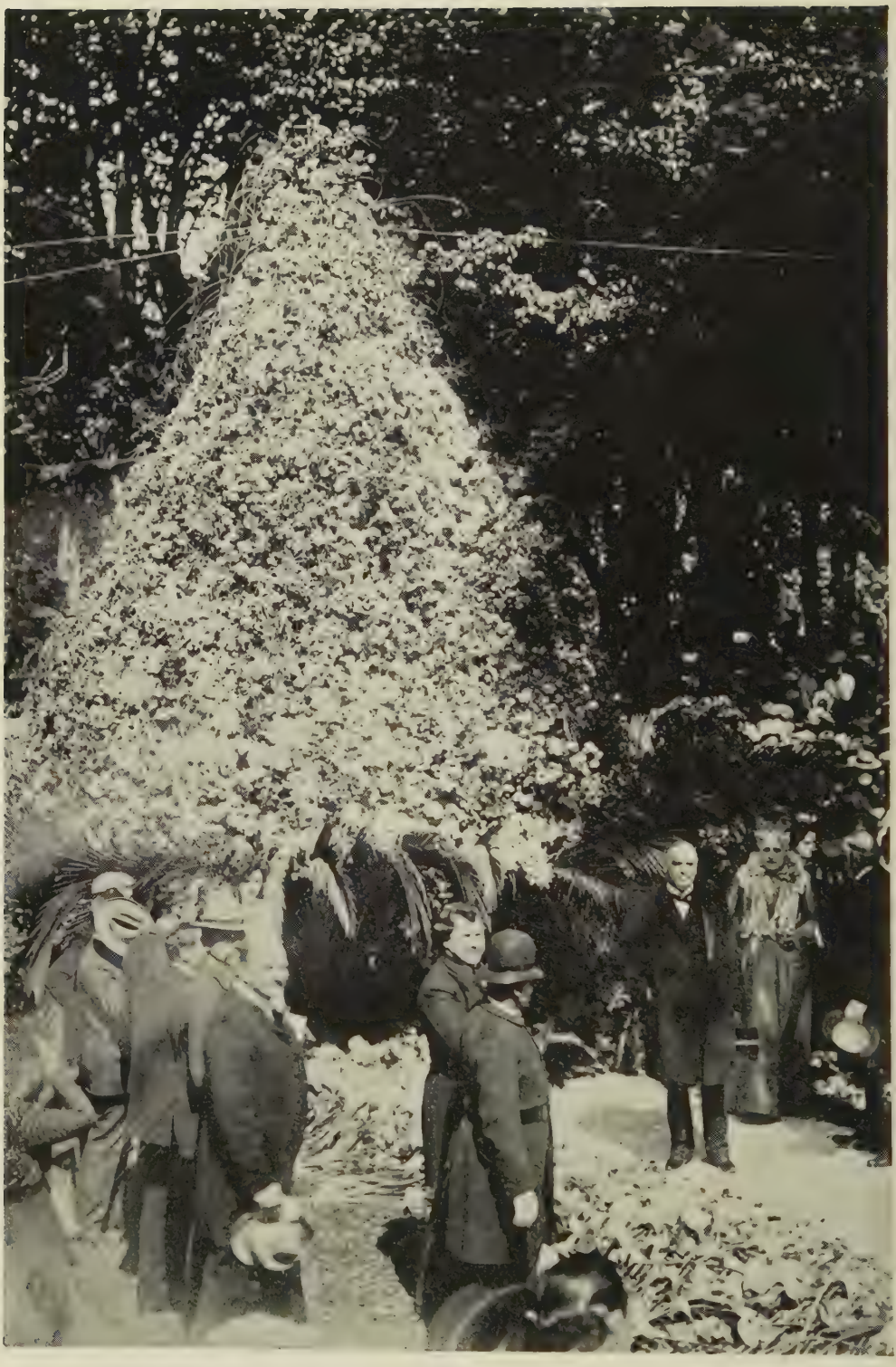
PRESIDENT McKINLEY ON HIS WAY TO THE REVIEWING STAND.



ARRIVAL OF THE PRESIDENT AT THE REVIEWING STAND.



Presentation to the President of the Mammoth Bouquet Containing Contributions from 2,000 Ladies of Santa Clara Valley—by Mrs. E. O. Smith.



PRESIDENT McKINLEY RECEIVING THE BOUQUET.



Recitation of Poem by Miss Maude Campbell of Notre Dame College, San Jose.



From the Bouquet to the Reviewing Stand.



The President Addressing the Multitude from the Reviewing Stand.



The Enthusiastic Multitude Listens to the President.



Police at Head of Floral Parade.



Mayor C. J. Martin. O. A. Hale.



Grand Marshal A. B. Cash and Staff.



Float "Shower of Roses," Orchard District.



Company B, National Guard, San Jose California.



L. J. Chipman, Superintendent of County Schools—F. P. Russell, Superintendent of City Schools, and Staff at head of Second Division.



Float "Progress of Knowledge," San Jose High School.



Float "Music," Horace Mann School.



Pony Trap, "Fairy Princess," Miss Graham and Master Col.



"English Tandem," the Misses Greeninger, Miss Portal and Miss Promis.



Float "A Midspring Fancy," East San Jose School.



Float "Copa de Oro," Hester School.



Float "Horn of Plenty," Gardner School.



Float "The Emancipation," Lincoln Grammar School,



Float "Harmony," Ladies' Brass Band.



Float "Education," State Normal School.



Pony Cart "Uncle Sam's Welcome," O. A. Hale.



"COLONIALS."



Float "The Old Oaken Bucket," Washington School,



Float "Redwood Scenes," Saratoga District.



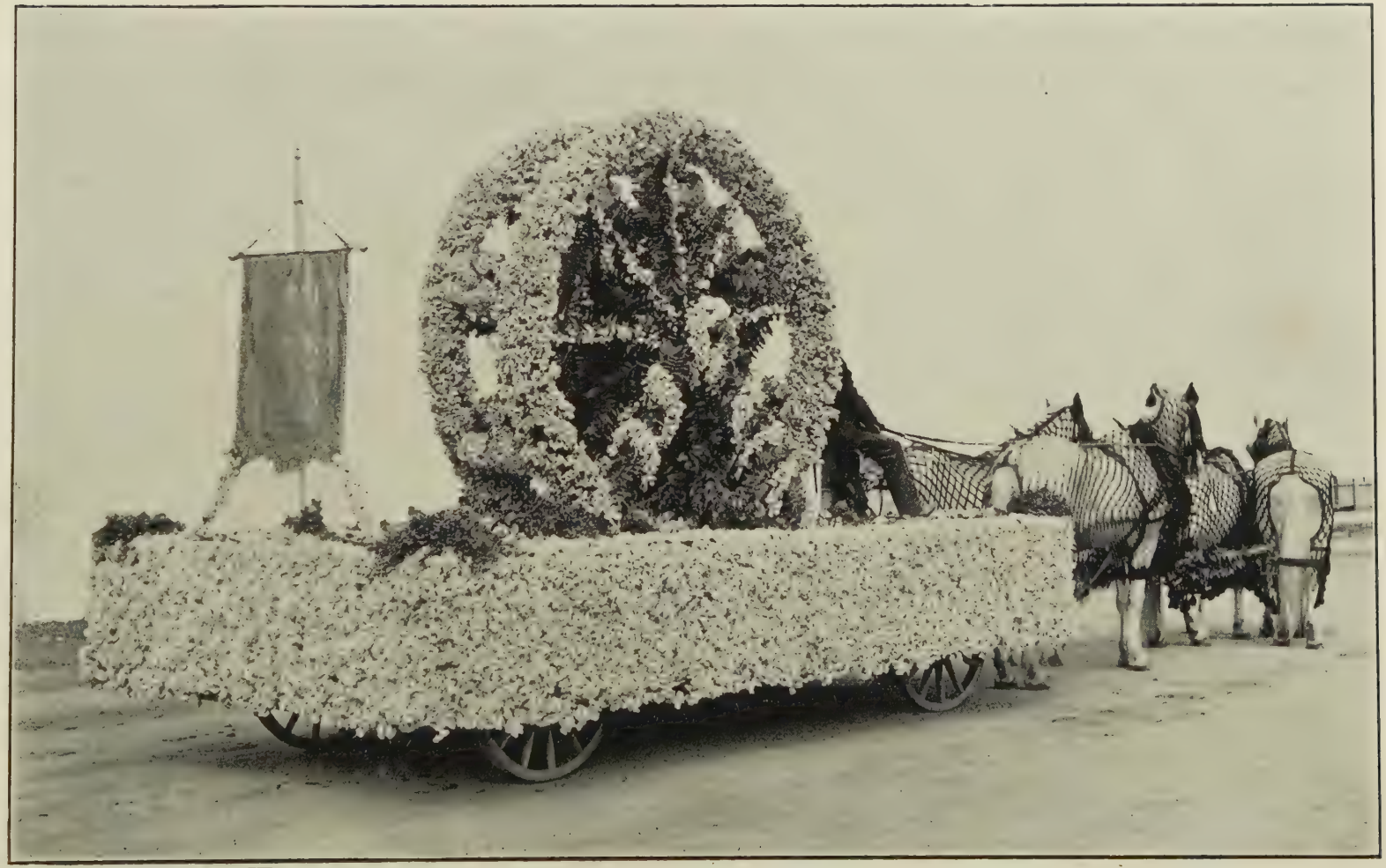
Float "Big Basin Camp," Palo Alto Parlor, Native Sons.



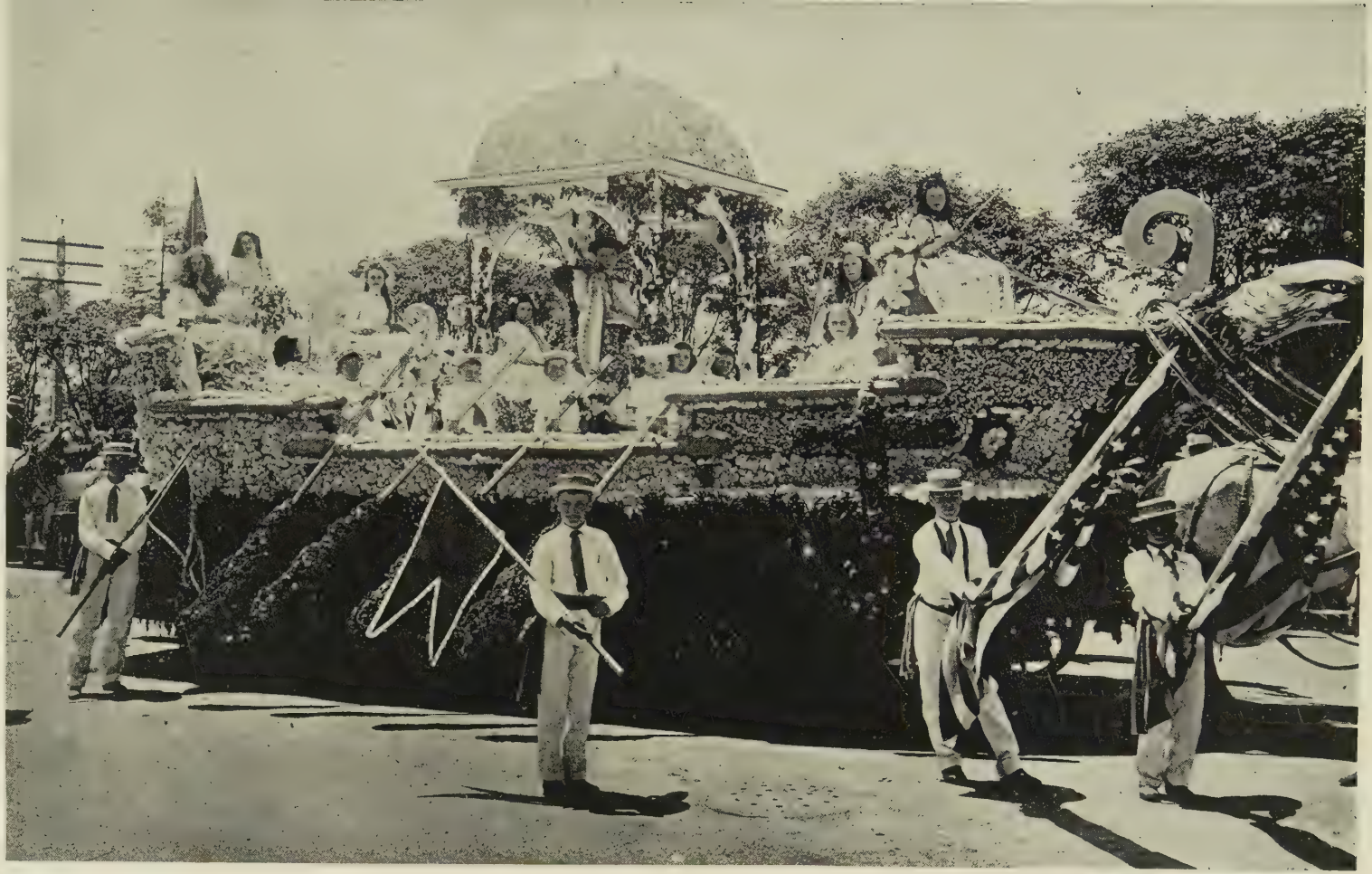
Float "Come Let Us Play," San Jose Kindergarten.



Decorated Trap, Mrs. Osterman and Miss Blanche Morris.



Float "Ferris Wheel," Franklin School.



Float "Barge of State," Longfellow School.



Float "Angel of Peace," Oak Grove School.



Float "Forest Scenes," Foresters of America.



Decorated Carriage, Woman's Christian Temperance Union.



Float "Fairy-Land," Grant School.



Float "Cinnabar," New Almaden Quicksilver Mining Company.



Float "California Flower," Santa Clara, California.



Float "Temple of Vesta," University of the Pacific.



Decorated Carriage, Mrs. L King



"California Republic," St. Stephen's School, Santa Clara.



Decorated Carriages, E. Coppock, Emil Lion.



Float "Venetian Gondola," Lowell School.



Float "Floricycle," Garden City Wheelmen.



Tally-Ho, Laurelwood Farm, P. J. Donahue.



Director-General A. Greeninger, Reviewing the Parade.



Floral Arches at St. James Park, San Jose.

Part III.

San Jose.

Part III—San Jose.

Chapter One.

THE CITY—THE PUBLIC BUILDINGS—HOMES IN SAN JOSE—ST. JAMES PARK—THE ELECTRIC TOWER—ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH—THE MARKET—NOTRE DAME COLLEGE.

San Jose (Saint Joseph) pronounced " San Hosay," first known by the name of "Pueblo de San Jose de Guadaloupe," is supremely enthroned in the midst of a marvelous carpet; green, velvety and strewn with flowers, which seem to refresh and enfold it, as if it were a caress.

It seems to be enclosed on all sides by mountains, rustic and grandiose to the sight, but at the extreme north there is an opening, and there the Bay of San Francisco gleams in the sunlight like an escutcheon of antique silver.

When seen from a bird's-eye point of view, the City spreads out in a rectangle of plane surface, covering an area of about fifteen miles, and it has the appearance of being intersected into four portions by an immense cross that is formed by the two principal streets—Santa Clara and First. Each portion is divided by the other parallel streets into a number of squares the general aspect of which impresses the mind as though the scene was that of a series of chess-boards, all mounted, with their pieces scattered about at the hazard of the game; the houses and cottages are the figures; the public buildings are the more important pieces, the churches represent the queens, and the electric masts (that illuminate the City) stand as though commanding like kings.

The geographical position of the City is 37° 20′ 50″ north latitude and 122° 51′ 55″ west longitude. It is situated on the bank of the Guadaloupe river, eight miles from the Bay of San Francisco. The principal line of the aforesaid cross, extends from east to west, that is, in nearly a straight direction from Alum Rock to Santa Clara, covering a distance of about eleven miles; the transversal line stretches from north to south, from the Alviso to the Monterey road; these two streets are long and broad, the roads paved with asphaltum, the sidewalks with cement.

The greater part of both streets is laid out with a double track for the use of the well-equipped electric cars.

The business portion of the town is at the very center of the cross, and near this point the finest buildings in the City have been erected; one surpassing the other in elegance and comfort. The architects, competing with their fellow architects of other cities, have exerted their powers of imagination and evolved the modern style, often from the old, rendering it suitable to the climate, the site, and the needs of the construction.

Most of these buildings are constructed of appropriate materials, such as bricks and stone obtained from the quarries in the vicinity; the columns of iron or metal fitting into the masonry support the upper portion of the edifices, which vary from three to four stories in height. The facades of the principal structures are generally highly ornamented. The interiors have been arranged for the accommodation of banks or stores, and the upper stories for offices or assembly halls; while the system of lighting and the water connections are perfect under all conditions.

The buildings and stores diminish in importance towards the extremities of the cross, merging by degrees into the residence portion of the town. The structure of the houses is most diverse, the picturesque villas, cottages, castles and chalets being adapted from the old Spanish, Renaissance, Italian, Holland, Norman, English, Queen Anne, etc., styles of architecture.

The majority of these dwelling places are built of wood. They are usually on an even line, at an equal distance from the sidewalk, and each home has its separate lot, which according to its dimensions possesses its lawn, its garden, its beautiful roses, and its trees with gently waving branches.

San Jose is unquestionably one of the best built and most delightful cities in California; its streets are spacious, well laid out, clean, sprinkled every day, and bordered with different kinds of handsome trees, and the gardens are profuse with blossoms.

The northern portion of the City seems to be the most attractive. St. James Park is situated in this direction; it is in the shape of a rectangle 1,005 feet in length, by 610 in width; it is kept in perfect condition, and has a cement sidewalk winding about in all directions. It is a lovely spot, charming in its beauty and rusticity, and while reposing beneath the shade of spreading branches, one might imagine that the trees had grown there by chance; the product of a most luxuriant Nature. There is quite a handsome fountain in the center of the Park, with



Hon. Chas. J. Martin, Mayor of San Jose.



Jas. Kidward, Chief of Police of San Jose, Cal.

sparkling sprays of water dripping into the stone basin at its foot; and here and there under the shelter of the boughs of pepper, eucalyptus, cypress, orange, sycamore and many other trees, benches have been placed for the accommodation of visitors and children.

A number of fine buildings grace the neighborhood of the Park; facing it on First Street, the Court House stands, with majestic and severe facade in the Corinthian style of architecture; adjoining it is the Hall of Records, constructed entirely of marble and granite. Prominent on the north side you see the headquarters of the St. Claire Club, a structure built in imitation of an old style, which is a mixture of the Spanish and Italian. At a little distance, the magnificent Hotel Vendome has been erected; it is picturesque and imposing and shows its Queen Anne silhouette, rising from the midst of a handsome Park covered with verdure, flowers and majestic trees.

The southern part of the Town is quite as charming, and is generally chosen as a place of residence by people who prefer quiet and comfort. Second, Third and several other streets with their rows of pretty homes are some of the fine avenues of the City, and really worthy of remark. The eastern portion is probably the most picturesque on account of the view of the mountains and of Mount Hamilton. There is a delightful road leading in this direction to Alum Rock in the foothills, but as we do not desire to speak of anything outside of the city limits at present, we will return to the eastern side of the Town, which is embellished by the State Normal School, a magnificent structure situated in the center of a beautiful lawn dotted with trees of the rarest varieties.

Nagle Park, the property of private parties, in the direction of Tenth Street, seems rather neglected but still lends an agreeable appearance of rural repose to the surrounding neighborhood.

As San Jose is, comparatively speaking, a new town, one is surprised at the sumptuous appearance of Santa Clara Street. Running in a westerly direction from Fourth Street, the avenue is lined on both sides with large and finely appointed stores, which are really a credit to the local merchants.

But we are nearing the Iron Electric Tower, which is visible at a distance of several miles; this giant, constructed of enlaced iron, rears its lighted apex to a height of 208 feet in the air, and has triumphed since 1881 over weather and several earthquakes (which we must say are quite infrequent now in San Jose). It is an ornament to the Garden City: only modern proficiency in the working of metals, added to ingenius art could have accomplished the realization of such a scientific problem. The Tower fulfills its mission to perfection, and fully illuminates several

streets at the center of the town. Turning from this point towards the south on Market Street, you obtain a full front view of the elegant City Hall; it is constructed of red brick and carved stone, and looks like a palace built during the period of the Renaissance; it stands in the middle of a Park, where roses, plants and trees of different varieties grow in profusion—and here it was that we smiled at the fountain donated to the City by Dr. Cogswell, the great Philanthropist, who, from his lofty pedestal, quenches the thirst of his passing admirers. Before arriving at the City Hall from this direction, the passer-by has an opportunity to admire the Post-office Building; it is constructed of stone, taken from quarries in the vicinity, and its general style gives it the appearanee of an ancient castle.

St. Joseph's Church is directly opposite, a majestic looking building with Roman facade, a superb dome and elegant bell towers; adjoining it at the rear is St. Joseph's College.

ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH.

[Translated from the French by the Fathers of the Santa Clara College]

The parish of St. Joseph conducted at present by the Jesuit Fathers, was founded by the Franciscans in the year 1777. Thanks to the kindness of its present Rector, the Rev. R. A. Gleeson, S. J., we are able to give a picture of the Rev. Nicholas Congiato, S. J., who began the imposing structure, which now stands in place of the frame building destroyed by fire April 24th, 1875.

On entering the church, (one of the handsomest on the coast), a person is immediately struck by the grandeur of its proportions, the æsthetic elegance of its decorations, and the tender piety that breathes forth from its many sacred altars and shrines.

Before proceeding to describe this sanctuary of God, we beg our readers to allow us to give free utterance to the thoughts and feelings which flood our mind, and well up from our innermost heart.

The Catholic Church, (let us pay her this just and well merited tribute), has carefully preserved, and faithfully handed down to succeeding ages, all that is beautiful, and grand, and ennobling. Witness her ceremonies! her hymns! her liturgy! at once so sacred and so sublime. And, indeed, are not the noble movements she sets on foot, and the heroic deeds she constantly inspires, proof sufficient of this?

Under the guidance of her infallible Head, and the venerable princes, his colleagues, she shows how perfectly she understands, that even in this age of progress and science, the greatest attraction, and the most powerful



The City Hall of San Jose, Cal.



Court House and Hall of Records, San Jose Cal,

spring of action, even in the religious and moral order, are to be found in the beauty of form, and the charm of art. And in God's creation, does not everything tend to give the reason why this should be so? There we find grandeur and beauty in the individual features of nature, and things in themselves mutually opposed, we find, by a divine art, blended together in harmonious agreement.

For this reason, we cannot understand why certain so-called religious persons eschew all the graces of art in their houses of worship, and ignore the powerful influence of the beautiful in enabling the human soul to realize the True.

Alas! The reason is because they are swayed by the pernicious influence of Materialism and Positivism—doctrines in themselves untenable. Every Theologian, with ever so little knowledge of his chosen science, knows full well that no course of Ethics can be complete and satisfactory without Æsthetics, or, we should rather say—Ethics and Æsthetics are but different parts of the same whole.

Hence, to set aside elegance, beauty, and even magnificence, in religious service, is to represent religion as something imperfect, something of a repulsive, rather than of a sweet and inviting nature—in a word, it is to lessen the prestige of religion, and render its ascendency over the hearts of men utterly impossible.

No matter how inconsistent a man may be, common sense demands that there exist a perfect harmony between his feelings and his belief. Could these sincere and pious souls but realize how detrimental this course of action is to the cause of God, the sense of their responsibility would quickly lead them to make their worship as beautiful as possible, not only interiorly, but exteriorly as well. They would understand that the development of what is eternal in us is, doubtless, more important than those positive and utilitarian notions to which their thoughts and hours are at present devoted.

For this reason we boldly assert that the principles of Utilitarianism, if logically carried out, tend inevitably to lower and vulgarize the religious ideal. Under the influence of these principles, Christian majesty loses all its charm, and people gradually come to think that religious service, in order to be acceptable to God, and worthy of man, must be devoid of all pomp and ceremony.

With such people the absence of charm and grace is a virtue, while morose and uncouth simplicity is a privilege inherent in the practice of their religious duties.

We, who pride ourselves on having some little knowledge of Philosophy, hold that the appreciation of whatever is beautiful and

refining should go hand in hand with science. To our mind the greatest homage we can pay to God, is to proclaim His greatness and glory to men in such a way, as to make His service charming and delightful to them.

Of course, when God formed this beautiful world, it was not His intention that men should make it the object of their worship; on the contrary, He intended that they should use it as a means to rise to the knowledge and worship of its Maker.

In creation, as is obvious, the beautiful is first, while the useful holds but a secondary place, though at times these two elements are inseparably joined together. The palm, the lily, the rose, the bright blue sky, should have something corresponding to them in the moral order.

Poetry should embody what is good, in order that it may express what is beautiful. The harmonious melody should vibrate in the depth of every Christian soul. The human heart has wearied of the mean and commonplace—it craves something that can move and elevate it, and give it inspiration. The privation of what is fair and beautiful weighs down the soul with a dull, heavy sadness.

If man has within him, by inheritance, the principle of sin, pain, and death, he at the same time cherishes that of life, joy and goodness eternal. For this reason, it is, and always will be, essential for the complete man, to develop in himself, the sense of the beautiful, so as not to stifle the divine breath of the soul. Oh! that God would give us to understand this wholesome and necessary truth! Oh, how much of our humble existence would we not cheerfully sacrifice to have the power, were it only for an instant, to transport the Christian souls of the entire world over there to the Eternal city during one of those religious ceremonies that carry the soul to heights unknown of the scoffer and the skeptic!

Ah, there is a city of sublime sights, where iamd a gorgeous array of faultless works of an Art inspired by the religious sentiment; where under vaults and domes of boldest design, one is lost in the contemplation of marvels of architecture, statuary, painting, jewelry, mosaics that re echo the names of a Michael Angelo, of Raphael, of a Bramante, of a Lucca della Robbia, of a Bernin, of a Canova, artists of deathless fame whose genius, somewhat pagan in its worship of form, now gay, now severe, and pensive, shines on every space of wall and in every detail of the grandest basilica the world has ever seen. And alongside the imperishable works of the High-priests of Art, we must not forget to place the services of the Sovereign Pontiffs, like Leo X. and Julius II. Assuredly, there was need of this fruitful alliance of wealth and power



City Hall Plaza—Post Office—St. Joseph's Church and Electric Tower in the Distance on Market Street.



St. Joseph's Church. Rev. Nicholas Congiato, S. J., founder of St. Joseph's Church.
A Representation of the Crib during Christmastide.

with Art, to make the new Rome rise from the wreck of the old which the Barbarians had laid waste.

But what a contrast! when to satisfy our conscience and to write the sacred truth, we betake ourselves to those cold temples where you hear the faithful sing after the fashion of a crowd of people, sullenly striking up from habit, some trite old refrain, then it is that the heart is chilled within us, and our soul suffers with intense pity and our spirit is carried back to the matchless sopranos of Rome; one of whom once wrung this cry of admiration from Rossini: "You have reconciled me to the Sistine Chapel." One must have heard the rendition by the celebrated Mustafa, of the Lamentations of Jeremias, an incomparable work that thrills the soul with its impassioned accents, its cries of grief, its tears, its indignant protestation against the hardness and injustice of men. One must have heard the "Miserere," that sublime composition of Allegri. Called to Rome and made a member of the Sistine Chapel by Urban VIII., Allegri wrote that composition with so much skill, that the sovereign Pontiff entranced, shed tears of gratitude and forbade that any copies of it should be made. We are assured, however, that Mozart, himself entranced by it, remembered it by heart and was able to transcribe it after a second hearing.

Now, if the Sovereign Pontiff and the Princes of the Church are foremost in inviting us by their example to turn our sacred edifices, our choirs, our melodies, our liturgies into marvels that copy nature in all her forms, her raptures, her passions, the reason must be that this manner of acting is pleasing to God, who is himself all beauty, all grandeur, all magnificence. Nothing can be too rich, too beautiful for Him and our dearest wish is that Catholic and Christian America would at length understand this truth.

The interior of St. Joseph's Church forcibly reminds us of one of those superb cupolas in the Græco-orthodox style so often to be met with in Russia. It is in the form of a cross and is resplendent with ornaments at once graceful and appropriate.

At the eastern end, you see the sanctuary and the main altar, a glorious work in white marble surmounted by an allegoric painting from the brush of Br. Tortore, S. J., of Santa Clara College. It represents St. Joseph, the patron saint of the Church, distributing heaven's favors to the pious flock of Christ.

To be candid, however, I must say that the architect has not availed himself of all his opportunities, for in the large space at his disposal, he might have done far better work. To cover up as it were, a failure, which an expert can see at a glance, he has erected at the sides of the superb

tabernacle of gilt bronze, a pair of marble columns supporting two branched candelabra, a contrivance, one might say, that adds another false note and is out of harmony with the altar. Also at each side of the altar—plainly with a view to cover up blank, cold wall-space—the painter's art has frescoed two statues of saints.

But the eye is better pleased with the nave proper; here two spacious niches are the recipients of two grand subjects; one is St. Patrick at the left; the other, at the right, a realistic portrayal of Calvary; and hard by, the statue of St. Anthony flanks the sanctuary. Coming down to the middle of the Cross, where the pure sunshine falls from the dome overhead, we are pleased to admire at the left of the altar of the Blessed Virgin in white marble of exquisite workmanship guarded by two remarkable statues, the work of Bianchi, imitations of sublime paintings by Guido Reni. One is St. Michael conquering Satan; the other, the guardian Angel. We observe also a small altar sacred to St. Aloysius Gonzaga, who is portrayed with a surplice on and a crucifix in his hand. Further up a reproduction by Brother Tortore, S. J., shows the apparition of Our Lord to St. Ignatius, while on his way to Rome to found the Society of Jesus. Looking now to our right, we behold the altar of the Sacred Heart, made in the same style as that of Our Lady. Two subjects, likewise by Bianchi, adorn this altar, and next, a bronze lamp, a masterpiece from Rome, enraptures the eye. Finally, we have been especially lead to admire the "Way of the Cross," by Lemercier, a French Artist, the original of which is to be found in the Church of Rheims, France.

And now the good father who acts as our cicerone and speaks French fluently takes us to the sacristy and presbytery which are comfortably fitted up and are wondrously neat and tidy. The library, especially, attracted our attention; we met there our favorite authors and guides in philosophical and theological lore. Those dear friends of ours, for, indeed, books are the best friends of man; friends that we may consult in an evil and melancholy hour; those dear friends that so patiently and faithfully await us, to give us aid, instruction and knowledge throughout the years, amid the joys and sorrows of life, but especially those moments of isolation that make us think of God and His tender mercies. The Christian in his moments of sorrow is nearer to Him, Who will, let us hope, one day, permit us to enter His heavenly kingdom. In these trying moments the Christian awaits, as it were, for the sound of the bell that will announce the hour of deliverance—yes, of deliverance, for our sojourn on this earth is nothing but physical and moral suffering. But in heaven, there dwell the peaceful, the sublime, the beautiful, that no mortal has as



Interior of St Joseph's Church.



The Four Principal Chapels in St. Joseph's

yet been able to dream of, to catch a glimpse of, without a thrill of delight and unspeakable joy.

There is a local custom of improvising a fruit and vegetable market every morning, which is not lacking in originality. Early in the day, between the hours of five and seven, people come in from the country, and arrange their teams with the horses facing on both sides of North Market Street, thus leaving a passage-way in the middle of the road. The eastern side is lined with about thirty of these vehicles belonging to the wholesale dealers, and each wagon is under control of its driver, who is generally a native of Portugal or China. On the west or other side of the street, the retail dealers, some forty in number, stand in a row, nearly all of whom are Italians.

It is an odd and picturesque sight, and while watching all those dealers and peddlers (with queer foreign accent) buying and selling, there is something so attractive and country-like about it, that one is tempted to buy something. Asking the price of a box of beautiful, sweet, white grapes, we were answered thirty-five cents—in the month of August it is extremely cheap. And to think that the same low valuation is applied to all Nature's products. Land of the blest!

But it seems that the California housewife has no desire to profit by such an occasion as this, for really we did not see the shadow of one; and only noticed about ten foreigners who appeared at this early hour as representatives of the fair sex of San Jose. To tell the truth, the women of California do not shine in the culinary art. And they seem to think that it would be a descent from the pedestal upon which man has placed them should they appear on the street hatless, without gloves, and carrying a basket to buy provisions. "It would be awfully shabby," they say. Under these circumstances they prefer to remain at home, usually buying from the itinerant peddlers, and probably paying twice or three times as much as the produce is worth. Really, should we live here one hundred years we would never comprehend what is contained in that kaleidoscope that serves as a head on the shoulders of so many women.

But we must continue the description of our course about the City that these fair creatures inhabit and which, notwithstanding their foibles, they render so delightful. While going along Santa Clara Street we neared the College of Notre Dame and passed within its portals.

NOTRE DAME COLLEGE, SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA.

[Translated from the French by the Sisters of the Notre Dame Convent.]

The erection of Notre Dame College dates from 1851. Its history is intimately linked with that of the Valley of Santa Clara and the City of San Jose. The Institution rises like a pure and refreshing bouquet in the midst of a busy hive of labor. And it is a great joy to us that by its

example, History becomes once more, for these later ages of the world, a pious and spiritual muse, as when of old, she charmed the heart of youthful humanity. What a sweet contrast it presents to the unbridled license of contemporary systems based on atheism and practical utilitarianism, too practical, for the result is that today the religious ideal is alas! sadly dwarfed in many even pious souls. God preserve us from the imputation that we intend to profit by our rapid visit to Notre Dame, to make profession of being an ultramontane, or an advertising agent. Our mission, it seems to us holds a higher aim in view, and has the good fortune to soar above all struggles and sterile discussions.

This unique work on the shores of the Pacific answers perfectly the exigencies of a new programme. The ability with which the work of repairs and embellishment have been conceived and carried out, strikes the eye of the visitor wherever he may be: comfort, light, space, air, freshness, sweet and calm are met in profusion in every recess of this magnificent establishment.

Sanitary progress has demonstrated the obligation of avoiding superposition of stories, of separating study-halls, dormitories, refectories, lavatories and kitchens by spacious corridors, and by so doing secure everywhere sufficient ventilation for summer, and equable temperature for winter. These desiderata have been perfectly observed. The magnificent situation of the level tract of ten acres led to the adoption of a constructive group with convergent axes that, as indicated in the illustration, is composed of numerous buildings and pavilions built in brick and connected by galleries. It is at the meeting of these axes that the facade rises, presenting a stately and imposing appearance. The bird's-eye view which we have reproduced cannot, as it should, give the exact representation of the establishment. One must see to appreciate the beauty and the comfort of these details such, as the green swards, courtyards, gardens, orchards, etc., whose spaciousness and refreshing verdure sweetly yield repose to the thought-weary mind. So, too, one should traverse the pleasant grounds, and visit the annex building, the Academy, Boys' school and Day schools for the gratuitous instruction of the children of the City.

The main gate of the enclosure opens on a delightful English parterre overshadowed by magnificent palms that toss their majestic plumes to the sky. The waxed floors and passages, the interior walls of polished wood are kept immaculate. And in all the apartments the eye is ravished, and sometimes sweetly impressed by the extent of the place, and by the numberless pictures, copies of the masters, executed by the artist Sisters and their pupils. It is not a cloister, it is not even a



College of Notre Dame, San Jose, Cal., Showing the Most Beautiful Phœnix Palms and Wisteria in San Jose.

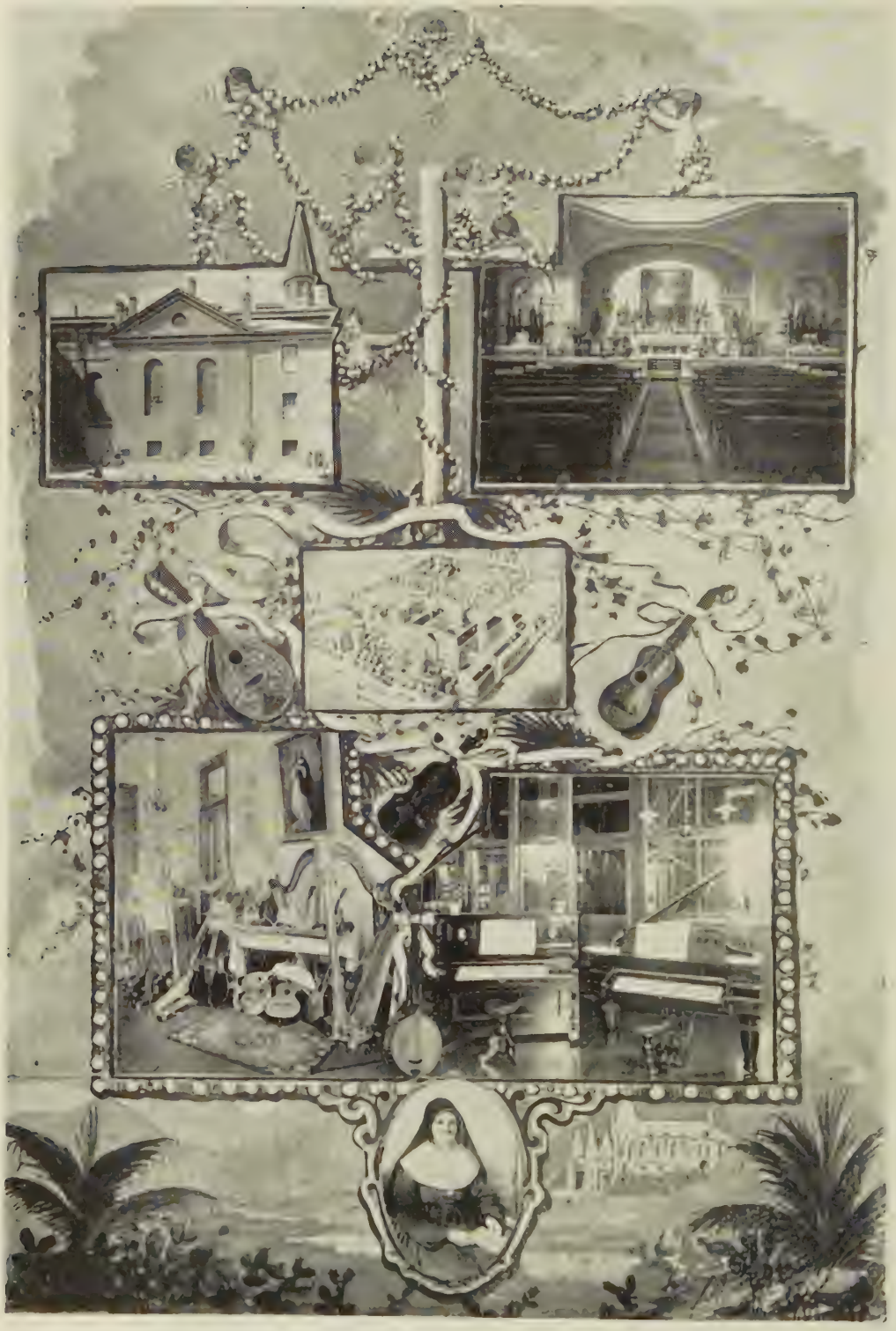


College of Notre Dame in San Jose, Procession of "Blessed Sacrament," October 25, 1900, in the Interior Grounds of the Convent.

Photo taken by ANDREW P. HILL
of San Jose, Cal.



Front Entrance of College of Notre Dame, San Jose, Cal.—Grotto of Lourdes in the Interior of the Convent.
The Grotto—the Church of Lourdes in France—Bernadette Soubiron.



Exterior and Interior of the Chapels of College of Notre Dame, San Jose, Cal.—General View of the College—Musical Department—The V. R. S., founder of the Order of Notre Dame at Amien, France.

Convent, but a charming and delightful Home wherein one breathes an atmosphere of happiness and purity.

The chapel, particularly, attracts the attention of the visitor, thanks to its equipment at once sumptuous yet simple, to its rare stained windows, to its sublime allegories of which the Holy Catholic Church alone has the secret, and all that is to us a great school of wisdom, of resignation and of hope.

A sublime saying of Christ in the Gospel came to memory: "Be perfect, as your Father in Heaven is perfect." To urge a poor human being to resemble Him whose feet rests on the stars, is to call him to live on beauty, it is to raise him to a supreme dignity. But the Bible is the word of God Himself, who cannot be deceived. This granted there is no acme of transcendant greatness to which a Catholic may not dare to aspire. Hence what a sweet satisfaction we feel in heart and soul to find ourselves for a moment in the midst of such beautiful things whereby the valiant servants of God keep heavenly thoughts alive in the souls of their pupils.

That the education of the mind may be purified, it must pass through the soul which is all of man. For the soul means esthetics, harmony, purity, and this trilogy must accompany it wherever it would wing an upward flight, in the career of the artisan, in that of the man of wealth, and it is a monstrous crime to forget this law which comes to us from on High.

Without doubt, the Institutions that desire to thrive must freely enter upon the pathways of their epoch. We are of the number of those who do not like to see imposed an erudition without soul and consequently without ideal. Its dialectics are dangerous, as man is feeble. Yes, we must be able to answer this atheist, or that materialist; we shall make of our Prose and Poetry a sister of charity, a priestess and not a vivandiere or a Bacchante, thou sayst it, man without faith and without heart. We are free and posterity will say that we are right. The liberty I love is born with our soul. The day when the most just braved the most strong. We know how to render Justice meet to State Institutions and Universities. They often choose professors whose virtues and education are above all praise, nevertheless, if we had our choice we would confer the privilege on Institutions instructing at the same time the soul and the brain. For the soul alone knows how to make the sacrifices that all human beings must make reciprocally to be even moderately happy in this world. Ah! what misery, what misfortunes, what sufferings the education of the soul would avert. It would make us reflect more frequently on the uncertainty and precariousness of life.

Let us be permitted before ending this chapter to begin a new paragraph to congratulate, as is meet, the Sister Professors of Notre Dame who have seen their work and their efforts crowned by being accredited by the University of California, which thus opens its doors to the graduates of Notre Dame, which is itself empowered to grant diplomas and confer degrees by right of its charter coeval with that of the University itself. This new privilege does honor to those who have won it, and proves that the College of Notre Dame resolutely and impartially embraces all studies without exception despite the calumnies of its adversaries, and there religious neutrality is not a vain word.

The coming year which opens a new century prepares a great joy for Catholic San Jose. The pious celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the College of Notre Dame is a pledge to us of one of the most brilliant of literary feasts, and that which will not fail to add a certain grandeur to this ceremony is, that several of the valiant and pious pioneer Sisters of 1844 and 1851 will be able to contemplate the fifty years successful work of their Order on the Pacific Coast, a work of all modesty, valor and virtue.

Now with the poet say:

Press on, my soul,
The world needs more than one pale star at night
Tho' oft' she quenches even her guiding light,
Work on and up, Eternity the goal.



Principal Buildings of College of Notre Dame, San Jose, Cal.—Exterior and Interior of the Fine Arts Department.



Views of Grounds of the College of Notre Dame, San Jose, Cal.



Grouping of the College of Notre Dame, San Francisco, Cal.



Playground of College of Notre Dame, San Francisco, Cal.

Chapter Two.

HOMES IN SAN JOSE—CHARACTERISTICS OF ITS INHABITANTS—THE IDIOSYNCRACIES OF ITS LADIES—THE HELPS—SOCIETY.

The homes in San Jose are exceedingly well arranged and thoroughly comfortable; there is an abundance of air, light and water, and in most of the houses the kitchen, dining room, parlor and living rooms are situated on the first floor, while the bed-rooms, often with adjoining bath, are up-stairs in the second story. At night gas or electricity is used for lighting purposes, though in many homes, especially those at a little distance from the center of the town, the lamp is still in use. Nearly all of the streets have cement sidewalks, a fact which greatly facilitates the locomotion of the pedestrian, as everybody is not the fortunate possessor of a bicycle or buggy. The otherwise handsome streets of San Jose are somewhat disfigured by the unsightly telegraph posts supporting their network of wire, and the immense posters that cover so many walls and fences.

Having mentioned a few of the external attractions of San Jose, we will enter into particulars concerning the inner life and customs of the City. The hostess in San Jose, as in the other towns of California, exerts herself to the utmost in receiving her visitors. One of her characteristics is to offer her guest the handsomest and most comfortable chair in the parlor; of course the supposition is that this apartment is well furnished, and replete with finely upholstered pieces of furniture, which seem to invite one to sweet slumber and pleasant dreams; and true enough, this appearance of luxury is visible on all sides, from the hangings to the carpet, which probably in the course of time proves to be an excellent resting place for microbes.

It is rarely that one sees a work of art in the average California parlor, while on the other hand, the room seems to be actually swarming with chromos and photographs; and in order to avoid being considered guilty of unbecoming conduct it becomes necessary to admire a whole regiment of portraits.

As to the table we will pass quickly by it, because from a French point of view, the American knows neither the art of eating or drinking,

and though victuals are exceedingly inexpensive here, people seem to eat only for the purpose of nourishing themselves; as far as the drinking is concerned, it is just the contrary, and the beverages are imbibed for the pleasure of absorbing the liquor, and it is frequently taken just for pastime, or as a matter of business. It is seldom that you see the table decked out with those inviting entrees that serve as an appetizer; but nearly always there is the same array of eggs (cooked in various styles), broiled or fried meats, roasts, vegetables boiled in water and not seasoned; biscuits, pies, tea or coffee, without any taste or aroma, and ice-water,—we beg your pardon, we have actually forgotten to mention the national dessert and vegetable: ice-cream and corn; the latter, when suspended gracefully in front of the mouth, has the appearance of a somewhat substantial mustache.

A peculiarity, which seems to have been imported from other parts of the United States, which is on the increase, and has its effect on the California female, (with rare exceptions) is a repugnance to household labor, and especially that part of it which pertains to the kitchen; and it is really strange that this great lady of modern times should imagine that her manipulation of the frying pan is somewhat similar to the role assumed at Petit Trianon by Marie Antoinette, Queen of France. We have actually seen women in San Jose put on gloves for the purpose of frying a few eggs, a beef-steak or a chop; and such a proceeding is, to say the least, highly amusing. But this is not all—King Louis the Sixteenth, was, as every one knows, (to the great scandal of the French Court) a lock-smith by trade and obliging to the highest degree; but the man in California, notwithstanding his rude exterior and his somewhat independent nature, is even more obliging than our late good King was, for never (to our knowledge) was his Majesty known to descend so far as to assume the poetical role of a child's nurse; his royal hands were probably never even brought into close contact with the "bottle" or the intricacies of the toilet belonging to the Dauphin, the prince and princesses of his household. Yet, while moving onward, with the march of "Progress," the master of the home in California has managed to transform himself into rather a peculiar housekeeper. He even constitutes himself a dry-nurse, who cannot readily be excelled. Not that we would indulge in any derogatory remarks, for truly all this but adds to the honor of the head of the family; and as long as the welfare of infancy is dependent on maternal care, it naturally follows that, if the mother does not fulfill her duties, it is the father who must supply the deficiency.

But wait and list, for all has not been told. When it so happens



Front Elevation of College Notre Dame, San Francisco.—This Institution of Learning is the First Branch of the Mother University of San Jose, Cal.



A Beautiful Home in San Jose—Residence of Hon. J. H. Campbell.



Society in San Jose—Hon. Chas. J. Martin's Family.



that a man is not wealthy, and is just possessed of sufficient means to support a woman (excuse the expression, we meant to say lady,) the idea of sending one's wash to a laundry is altogether out of the question. Well! with the aid of "Progress" and female independence it is not long before the benedict learns how to dabble in the washtub. His hands are strong, and why should he care if his fingers are distorted or chapped? His wife is so delicate, poor little thing, so sweet, so coquettish and bewitching, and she is such an adept in making her husband unhappy, or a laundryman delighted.

But there is really an excuse for these ladies for all this, and that is, that the men are not actually worthy of a woman's sacrifice. Listen to that, ye Lords of Creation!

Of course we are well aware that there are numberless women, wives and mothers, who fully comprehend the nature of their duties and fulfill them conscientiously; but there are certainly cases to which our remarks may be applied, and as long as such a parasite exists, it remains our duty, as observers, to divulge the fact.

But to reason calmly, it seems to us, that the home would be much more worthy of the name *blessed*, if the man's comforts could be better supplied there than at the bars and restaurants; if instead of having a wife who only speaks of dress and other frivolous subjects, he could pass his hours of leisure with a useful, devoted companion to whom he could confide his plans and troubles.

And we, who have always felt and expressed a veneration for the fair sex, have often been distressed while witnessing the war that some ladies are continually waging against the common and hereditary enemy—Man! But what can be done to remedy the matter, for there is no legal method in force by which people can be prevented from causing themselves unnecessary trouble.

These continual discussions on the equality and inequality of the sexes amount to nothing further than to excite the antagonism of the contending parties.

Although woman was excluded from the professions, man always considered her his queen.

There is a saying, attributed to the Duchess of Bourgogne, which though old, can be fittingly applied to modern days. Addressing herself to the King, she said: "Sire, the reason of all this is, that when the men reign, it is the women who rule, and when the women reign, it is the men who rule."

That women are as intelligent as men, or even more so, we willingly admit; that they can do what the most intelligent of us do everyday we

willingly admit; only when they perform our duties they neglect their own, and that is the question that concerns humanity.

Then let each one do his duty and not await for the other; but in order to do one's duty, it is necessary to comprehend it, and realize its importance.

Woman is the most sublime, and most respectable being in creation. She is neither the temptress nor the corrupter of man, but his companion and his equal; that is, when she labors as he does, and performs her modest share of the home duties; (for the fair sex can do no nobler work) when she works for a salary that is equal to the wages given to man, she is a loyal competitor and has also become an assistant to progress. Blessed is the woman who is mistress of herself, as man is his own master, who knows not what hypocrisy or false pride is, who is loyal and serious, and would remain as God has created her, all tenderness and refinement, and who does not attempt to copy the nature of a being that she cannot resemble, without ceasing to be a good mother and a good wife.

When she is fully enlightened, and cognizant of her own rights and duties, she will be capable of producing a superior humanity; and it is towards that end, that we should all, men and women, boys and girls, direct our aim.

But no, it is the fashion here to depend upon making a good match, so as to "have lots of fun."

Most every girl is raised in a manner that befits her for becoming the wife of a rich man, and still the men are not all rich. Such women as these, when married, know full well how to demand their rights and more than their rights without ever troubling themselves as to what their duties may be.

And when you marry a banker or a man, whoever he is, for the sole purpose of being maintained, do you not feel the shame, the humility of such a rôle? The real word for this cannot be used in choice English; but it is practiced—practiced to a terrible extent.

We have said enough on this subject at present, but it is our intention to return to it, for it is really interesting. And now we will speak of another parasite, the effects of which are equally as alarming, and which concerns the whole of the United States.

Under the pretense of independence and equality (terms which are nothing more nor less than a glaring imposture) an evil has arisen, and has already been in existence some years. It is the question of servants; beg your pardon, it was our intention to use the word "help," because there are no servants here; they were all killed by "Progress;" and



Victor Cauhape's Family (French).



Mr. Lasserre's Family—(French).



Residence of Leon Carteri, San Jose.



Home in San Jose—Mr. Turonnet's Family—(French).

America will mourn for them, a long, long time! It is truly a delightful state of affairs, but the most amusing part of it is, that the servants of by-gone days, who in the course of human events, have risen to the rank of mistresses, are loudest in their complaints. This seems to us about the best trick the "help" could play on their comrades. And we natives of France, just landed in this land of the free, laugh . . . . laugh . . . . sufficient is the reason thereof.

The "help" here does not profess to have any respect or devotion for those who employ them, and vice versa. She performs her services unwillingly, and "only for the time being," she is quite indifferent as to whether her work is well done or not; and the consideration and attachment existing between mistress and servant, which is so often seen in Europe, seems to be totally unknown here.

The "help" of which we are writing might be compared to the typical mother-in-law, who is generally ill-natured and dissatisfied, and in order not to create any disturbance in the family, it becomes a necessity to submit to her law, with the slight difference that while it is an impossibility to indulge in the pleasure of having a new mother-in-law every month, there is, alas! sometimes a change of "help" every week.

But as "there is no rule without exceptions," we hasten to say, that the inhabitants of San Jose shine with qualities that are peculiar to themselves; for taking them altogether, they seem to be an intelligent, enterprising, practical, moral and progressive people.

A community of this kind is far in advance of the inhabitants of Europe in regard to the development and furtherance of new ideas concerning such matters as agriculture, practical industry, home-comforts, the beauty and improvement of the City, the roads, the parks and the surrounding country.

The citizens in general impress one with an appearance of elegance and ease that is really surprising, and there is probably no city of the same size that possesses a more refined and cultivated population.

Instrumental, vocal music and even literature are the usual diversions of many of the inhabitants. There is scarcely a home that has not a piano, or other musical instrument, a library, magazines and newspapers. The provincialism of Europe is altogether unknown here, as the customs, ideas, and fashions are transmitted with great rapidity through the medium of telephones, telegraphs, railroads, electric cars, and automobiles.

And since it is more agreeable to follow the new fashions and customs than to adhere to the old, San Jose is continually undergoing a process of transformation.

There is nothing small or shabby in this part of the United States, as everything is sustained on a large and magnificent scale.

What a life, and what a change from the Old World!

There is something of freedom, of independence, in the very air one breathes upon landing in this country. There is no indiscreet questioning, no distrustful wariness, no aspersion cast upon the character of others. And if you respect their laws, do not interfere with their rights, nor wound their patriotic feelings; whether you are rich or poor, great or humble, manufacturer or laborer, whatever caste, sect or religion you may belong to, you are a free and independent man.

And anyone, who is neither blind nor prejudiced, and has devoted time to the study of the nation or the people, after abstracting such faults as belong to all civilized communities, must necessarily have a high opinion of this austere, proud and industrious population.

The Californian is fond of money, but he is not avaricious; he is eager to earn it, but spends it freely.



Mr. Pellier, one of the First Orchardists of Santa Clara Valley, who introduced the Famous French Prune in California.



Society in San Jose—Governor Nash of Ohio Entertained by Mrs. S. F. Lieb of San Jose



Home in San Jose—J. B. Garat's Family—(French).



Home in San Jose.


H.L. MILLER
RESIDENCE AND
PAPER
WAREHOUSE

Chapter Three.

CHARACTERISTICS OF CALIFORNIANS—SOCIETY—THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS—MODE OF EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES.

If we were asked to name the most striking characteristic of the Californian, we should unhesitatingly say, their love of hospitality. No people in the United States are so open-handed, so generous and kind in their welcome of friends and visitors. A Californian's first idea of showing kindness is to feed his friend.

No country in the world is possessed of such an abundance of viands and comfortable restaurants. Entertaining here is much more complex, and yet easier, than in any part of the world: more difficult because the circle of friends is very large, and simpler for the reason that edibles, flowers, wine, and all the other minutiæ for entertainment, are cheaper and more varied.

The difficulty of choosing one's guests is also great. One would like to ask all their coterie to dine, but then again you are confronted with the problem, how is it to be accomplished? The first rule laid down and rigidly adhered to is, never to dine or call at the house of any you do not intend to ask in return, and always to begin by returning the hospitality of those who have extended it to you. That must be the golden rule, and by adhering to it one clears many difficulties out of their path.

We do not claim the paternity of such ideas. The well-known society woman, "Lady Jeune," is our best instructress. But if, as abroad, we could also realize that food and feeding is not the desideratum of entertainment, then it might become more of a pleasure and less of a labor than at the present moment.

The custom of entertaining at restaurants has a very serious drawback—it is enormously expensive, nevertheless, at the present time it is considered old-fashioned and out-of-date to dine anywhere except in so-called "French restaurants," and for this fad or fancy we have good reasons to offer. A society lady's time is so much occupied, and help so independent, that to dine in a restaurant relieves her of many troubles.

Now we shall venture upon a subject which we know will arouse the animosity of many pseudo-ladies: we will tell what we think constitutes good society:

In our opinion, good society is composed of a certain number of persons, notable in various degrees on account of the position, the education and the talents possessed by each of them. These people meet together, receiving by turns, and form the acme, intellectually and morally, of good taste and the elegance of the town in which they live.

It devolves upon these persons to establish the code of fashionable life, and it is their duty to develop good behavior, proper manners, urbanity, amiability, generosity, and, of course, reciprocate cordiality. We will add that it is the duty of any person moving in this society to avoid the semblance of any kind of scandal, as such an occurrence reflects upon all of the others. Of course this is a principle which in reality should be a matter of conscience, or the natural result of the utmost circumspection in all the proprieties. A rule of this kind creates an obstacle in the way of all those whose conduct borders on the imprudent; and the fear of being excluded from such society has the effect of making even the most foolish and frolicsome persons reflect. And although Satan would be no loser owing to such a state of affairs, the deportment of people in general would be much improved, for there is no doubt that the outward habits of demeanor have a great influence on morals and private life.

Such a condition of society could exist and even prosper in San Jose, for certainly there is no lack of ladies and gentlemen of genteel bearing. The trouble here seems to be, that the good families do not come into contact with one an other, and some of them have good reasons for not meeting the others; for instance, there may be excellent families, either American, Irish, German, Spanish, French, Italian; Catholic, Protestant, Jewish or orthodox, although their tastes and principles may be all that can be desired, for some reason or other they fail to agree; they visit each other once, twice or three times; some little thing occurs and each says: "We will not go there again."

But as we do not wish to delve too much into particulars, we will say, that simplicity, rectitude of conduct, and amiability without affectation is what constitutes good taste; to listen well and speak little is politeness; to behave properly and be natural is good manners; to sing, or play on an instrument when asked, without any unnecessary and exaggerated excuses is always correct, because people do not congregate for the purpose of being bored, but to be entertained, and above all to entertain others.

Can it be possible that the main center of San Jose society is not conspicuous because the journals used as a substitute for the Blue Book in no manner give a true idea of what the real and good society is that



Exterior and Interior of the Victory Theater of San Jose, property of Hon. James D. Phelan, Mayor of San Francisco.



Principal Buildings in San Jose, Cal., property of Hon. James D. Phelan, Mayor of San Francisco,

exists here; for there are little clans of people who live modestly and retired and object to having their private affairs and movements advertised, so as to evade as much as possible that inevitable and detestable "humbug."

There is another peculiarity that is noticeable here: owing to celibacy and divorce which bring their quota of old maids, bachelors and divorcees, controversies and questions arise which are totally unheard of in other countries, and we wish to state that in Europe no divorced person is received in good society. It may be an unjust and extreme law, but such is the case nevertheless, nor does it appear to have a bad effect on morals: quite the contrary.

As a matter of course, we have no doubt that the ladies and gentlemen forming the society here reach a high local standard, but we Europeans (admitted to be so behindhand in our ideas) cannot refrain at times from indulging in a movement of surprise or even disgust at the thought of certain things we see, or hear of. It may be stupid, but who can help it, for we all know that there is no accounting for tastes and colors.

And since it has become the fashion to incinerate the human body, even the vocation of undertaker does not seem to be quite so vulgar, for fire purifies everything and so does gold!

When searching for the elements that have contributed to the system of education in the United States, one becomes aware that they were the natural needs and aims of the people. It is said that all schools are a facsimile of the nation they represent. This can be very appropriately applied to the schools of this great Republic.

In San Jose, as in all educational centers in the United States, religious instruction is completely excluded from the course of studies in all the Public Schools and Universities, this branch of study being relegated to the private and Sunday Schools; and owing to this principle, the children belonging to the many creeds and sects are enabled to pursue their studies without having their religious feelings wounded.

There is one feature we wish to speak of, which is altogether peculiar to the United States: it is that of giving the same education to boys and girls; and the main reason for it seems to be the pretension the Americans have of equalizing, as much as possible, the youth of the country.

We do not hesitate in asserting that to us French people this method of giving the identical education to boys and girls, wherever it may be in vogue here, seems as inadequate for one sex, as for the other. To us it is an undeniable fact that the ideal conception of a girl's future is as different from that of a boy's as the contrast between night and day; for

their thoughts, their duties, their resources and their needs, are diametrically opposed; hence in attempting to develop them both according to the same theories and principles, without considering the sacred laws of Nature, an irreparable error is committed; the general result of this training is a being that is without sex.

Admitting that the reasons we have advanced may not be sufficiently convincing to the American mind, we have others which we deem more forcible.

In developing the intellect of different sexes to an equal degree, the selfsame pretensions are naturally evoked; and as they all possess the same means of attaining the desired end, whatever it may be, the competition aroused between them results in a merciless struggle for existence. And this is one of the great causes of all the woes that fall like hail-stones on American society—which is so worthy of and well inclined to happiness—such as blasted hopes, shattered lives, an exuberance of vitality and intellect which is without employment or sustenance; a fondness for liberty that borders on license, embittered thoughts, broken hearts. Shameful injustice is fostered by these methods, for there are numerous young men and women, who, though they are well educated and perfectly capable of holding certain positions, are scorned, because they have no "pull" or money with which to pay their way into favor.

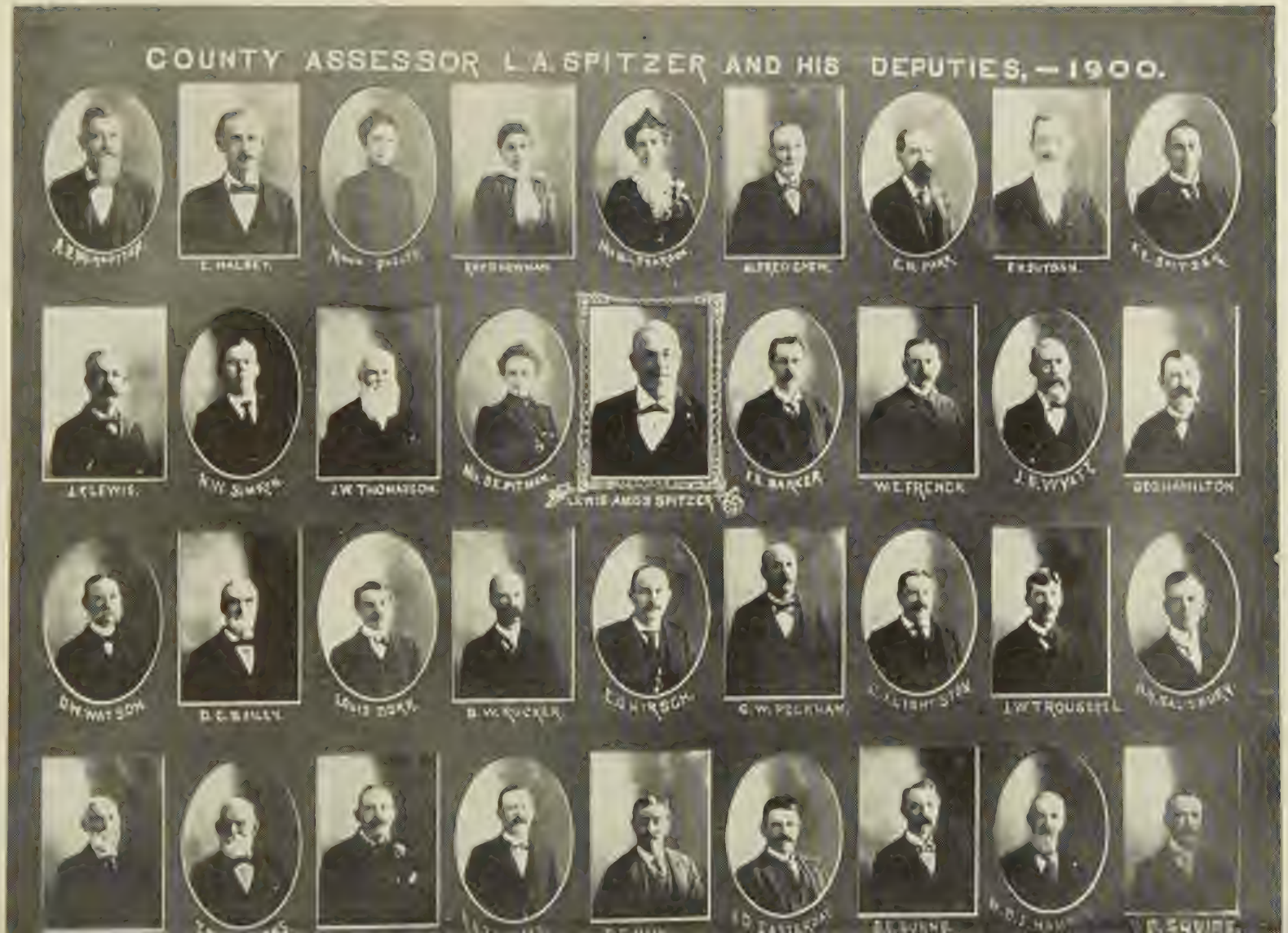
Owing to the education received in Universities and Secondary Schools, many of the growing generation, who are in poor circumstances, conceive and cherish hopes of a brilliant future of matrimonial alliances in accordance with their tastes for comfort and luxury. Then, upon leaving their studies, as they have a contempt for the modest vocations of their parents, they call upon society for the compensation and the crowning of all their efforts, and this is the beginning of the disenchantment, often of misery, and at times, something worse than want.

We are of the opinion that in the beginning the same education should be given to all children, but as the pupils grow older, it should become diversified and specialized in accordance with the sex and intended career of the different students.

We have often visited the classes of boys and girls in different schools and Universities, and notwithstanding the presence of a stranger —a fact which should naturally exert some influence on the conduct of the pupils—it was not difficult for us to perceive that their minds were not altogether concentrated upon their studies, and although they appeared to pay attention to the professor, their thoughts were evidently in other realms. We have even seen neatly folded missives passing between boys and girls; and having spoken of the matter to the professor,



1—Robt. J. Langford, Sheriff. 2—Alphonse G. Col, Co. Auditor. 3—Joseph A. Lotz, Co. Treasurer. 4—Jas. H. Campbell, Dist. Atty. 5—Jos. W. Cook, City Clerk.
6—John G. McMillan, Co. Surveyor. 7—Wm. A. January, Tax Collector. 8—Lewis Amiss Spitzer, Co. Assessor. 9—Henry A. Pfister, Co. Clerk. 10—Wm. G. Hawley, Postmaster.


COUNTY ASSESSOR L. A. SPITZER AND HIS DEPUTIES, — 1900.
LEWIS ANGO SPITZER

he implored us to keep silence, pressing his finger to his lips; the poor man probably feared he would be deprived of his position if the matter were given publicity.

Now, I will say, if the parents of the pupils would take the trouble to watch their progeny to a certain extent, by being present sometimes at the dismissal of the classes, they might become greatly edified concerning the moral influence exerted by this system of co-education.

We have seen flirtations carried on between boys and girls even on the public thoroughfares. Of course people say it is only childishness—call it childishness if you so desire, but children are possessed of sufficient tendencies to corruption, without being given the daily occasion of practicing it.

To revert to the sentence that we employed in the commencement of this chapter, that is: that all schools are a facsimile of the Nation they represent; we must say that the method of instruction or education in the United States does not tend, nor has it any pretension, to cultivate the disinterested motives of the mind, but its sole object seems to be to provide each pupil with a means of existence, a weapon, as it were, to use in the struggle for life; such being the case—of the various duties that are supposed to be enforced upon children—the instruction they receive here only imposes one obligation upon them, it is that each one should be the molder of his own abilities.

This is individualism in every sense of the word, for it is the personal pronoun "I" which is the dominating spirit, and the desire to make any kind of sacrifice for another is nearly unknown.

The cultivation of the "I" seems to be the beginning and the end of all the programmes and methods we have encountered in this country. It is the American's aim to educate his sons and daughters so that they will excel, and be the most competent in the game of competition; and hence individualism is not only developed within them by a demand being made upon them to try to excel, but they are told that they have excelled all others; and this is one of the reasons for that tendency, that nearly all Americans have, to imagine that they are superior in all matters.

As a matter of course, there are many of these students who contribute largely to the wealth and prosperity of the country; but one knows very well that when fortune comes in at the door, happiness often flies out of the window. America is rich, prosperous, progressive, but, alas! not very happy.

One must never forget that a school is, and will never be anything more, than a prologue to the future life.

As the purpose of education should be to teach students, above all

other things, how to discern, to feel, to admire art, and respect all that is good and moral; to honor genius and erudition, they should be placed under the tuition of professors and masters who not only teach, but also practice these noble qualities. Outside of those who follow the profession of teaching as a matter of taste or devotion, it is difficult to find proficient persons, and it is necessary to do away with biased opinions before being able to make the proper choice.

ADDITIONAL DEPUTY COUNTY ASSESSORS.



Chas. G. Young. Chas. R. Williams. Mrs. Emma Z. Pillot. Jacob M. Cox. Chas. Phelps.



High School, San Jose, Cal.

SAN JOSE MERCURY.

ALL IS READY FOR THE START ON THE LONG JOURNEY WEST

President's Train Is in Washington, Subject to His Command—One of the Finest Trains Ever Run Over An American Railroad.

MRS. McKINLEY'S BRIGHT ANTICIPATIONS OF TRIP



PERFECTING HIS HOLD



HOT BAT... WITH Chi...

General Ketteler's Column Defeated Them With Great Loss.

AMERICANS HANG NINE

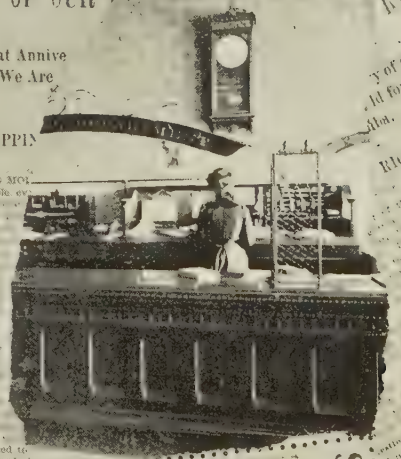
...ised by the Americans and Suffer Heavy Loss.

TWO AMERICANS KILLED

SENATOR BEVERIDGE ... OF OUR ...

Toast at Annive... We Are

PHILIPPI...



SUGGESTIONS FOR THE DECORATIONS

The Leading Daily Morning Paper of San Jose, Cal.

Chapter Four.

CHRISTIAN CHARITY—SALVATION ARMY—CHINESE—THE JEWS.

It seems to us that our remarks in general prove that we have the best intentions towards everybody. And though, comparatively speaking, San Jose is a little town, its inhabitants have reason to boast of its wealth, its resources, its beauty and its appearance of ease.

A large sum of money is expended annually in the County for charitable purposes; some of it being contributed as voluntary donations. And for the past few years subscriptions have been generously extended by the inhabitants towards the relief and assistance of outside sufferers. Christian charity, uniting with public liberality, is conferred upon all with the same kindness, and without any distinction being made as to race or religion.

Nor must we forget to mention the Salvation Army, which is so greatly ridiculed in Europe, and so much esteemed here for the service it renders to the poor. It appears to be a sect of beggars or solicitors; a great organization, resembling to a certain degree Victor Hugo's *Cour des Miracles*, only the crippled, the deaf and dumb, and the blind have been supplanted in the local case by men and women soldiers, who are not lacking in assurance, courage or volubility.

The Chinese are certainly worthy of a few remarks. Though possessing a stamp of its own, Chinatown in San Jose is but a poor reminder of the conglomeration of curious, artistic and sumptuous abodes in the Celestial Empire; and one who has traveled in China is painfully surprised at the appearance of the slovenly huts and the poor specimens of the industrious children of the Orient that are met with here.

The odor *sui generis* emanating from the surroundings is decidedly noticeable, one might even say strong, and if it really delights the olfactory organs of those good "coolies," it certainly goes a long way towards making them detested by the American people.

The Chinese, whom it would be difficult to dispense with at the present time in California, being actuated by a spirit of revenge, retaliate to the contumely with which they are treated by contempt, and if an occasion presents itself, they do not hesitate to make the white people feel the need of their assistance, for they are cooks, servants and laborers.

Some years ago, even here in San Jose, an attempt was made to boycott them. Are you desirous to learn the result of this proceeding? The people were compelled to take them into favor again, and they became more exacting and impertinent than before. Then why should people complain of these poor Celestials, when they have done everything in their power to make them what they are.

It is quite comprehensible that the inhabitants of a great country should have a certain repugnance to bestowing the privileges to which they are entitled on people who only came to it for the sole purpose of making money, that they may return with it and spend it in their own birthplace. But can these people imagine that by persecuting a race, they improve its condition? Persecution has never achieved a success of any value; it tends to affect the organization of those who are persecuted, and though the united number may not be large, it always leads to a certain amount of contention.

In the Santa Clara Valley the majority of the inhabitants, with the exception of the Americans, are the Italians, then the Irish, German, English and French follow, proportionately. The Israelites form a contingent here, as in San Francisco, and play quite an important role in business affairs. It is truly a promised land for them, for they readily find an open field in which to exercise their qualities and their faults. This ancient race, which is still so pure and strong, remains intact, with its great number of representatives, that are so distinct from the Americans; and we can at least render them the justice they deserve by asserting that it is seldom one hears of abandoned children and divorces in their midst.

Jew! When against thee arising such hatred I saw;
A pity, most human, in my heart's depths I bore
For those, who insulted thee,—a brazen-faced foe.
And though I ignore the priests of thy race,
I abhor those jackals, who thy footsteps trace.
For thou art a brother of mine in thy woe!



The Two Principal Evening Papers of San Jose, Cal.



The Two Principal Weekly Papers of San Jose, Cal., A. P. Murgotten, Editor.

Chapter Five.

FIRE DEPARTMENT—DOCTORS AND LAWYERS—THE SAN JOSE PRESS.

Among the marvels of the Town, we will mention the excellent methods adopted by the fire department. The apparatus, which is of the most modern description is always in perfect condition; it is only to be regretted that the men of the department do not present such an excellent appearance. But the parties most interested say that all will come in the course of time.

We are compelled to admit that doctors and lawyers appear to be somewhat brilliant and numerous in the Garden City. Can it be possible that invalids and lawsuits are common in this beauteous land? We are not inclined to think so, because we are aware that it is simply a superabundance of intellect which causes this invasion of the masses into the ranks of professions that are extremely harrowing occupations for conscientious men. Another apparent trouble is the number of charletans and humbugs who infringe upon the rights of the genuine professional men, and as a matter of conscience we would advise all such persons who cherish a desire to live long and well to evade all quacks, for should you really happen to be only slightly indisposed, if your means warrants it, they will make it a duty to render you sufficiently ill to enable them to see the color of your money.

The same warning can be applied to certain pettifoggers, pillars of the Police Court, who when once engaged in some trifling case or difficulty that might easily be amicably settled, will forthwith entangle their clients in the intricate meshes of the Code for an indefinite length of time.

Our intention to harm no one but to benefit all as much as possible, incites us to assert that certain drug stores and candy factories are the cause of more victims than the saloons, which are the objects of such constant opposition. And as the follies of humanity are inexhaustible, it becomes necessary to flatter its tastes, especially its gluttony. If there is anything that is injurious to the stomach, it is this continual absorbtion of sweets; hot breads and cakes are also detrimental to health. Of course, all such things are relished by the palate, but every piece of candy that is enjoyed performs its quota towards impairing the digestive organs. It doubtless would be imprudent and puerile on our part to continue in this strain of reproach, but it must be admitted

that the statistics are sufficiently suggestive in regard to this topic. According to reports, the patients dying in the United States as a result of diseased digestive organs, such as dyspepsia and dibilitation, are in excess of quadruple the number of those so afflicted in France, the very country whose inhabitants are accused (by people here) of an overindulgence in high living.

Ice-water and hot bread, in addition to the quantity of sweets consumed, are deadly ingredients for some stomachs, not mentioning the habit so many persons have of eating their meals hurriedly.

In France, bread soaked in wine is given to the children; here people would cry out in indignation against such a custom, but at the same time would give them candy. Wine, when taken in moderate quantities, is always beneficial, while sugar, on the contrary, is injurious.

The Press in San Jose, with which it is advisable to be on amicable terms, is well organized in behalf of the inhabitants, and for the interest of the country. At times it has an inclination to indulge in certain practices . . . . and it is with great difficulty it is brought to desist. Its control is relegated to the god Dollar and Judge Pull; but a well regulated system of financiering sometimes renders it amendable to reason.

Nor are articles of literary merit lacking; but, alas! who can boast of sufficient time to write well in these modern days; one must hurry in order to be in advance of others, and hence the style of writing in mode has been adopted from the telegraphic system. And it must be admitted that it is not an easy matter for the Press to accommodate all its readers, because, when an article is written in favor of some person, lo and behold! the public becomes distrustful. If evil is published, strange to say, the masses are credulous. Thus it has become a necessity for the Press in San Jose to assume a rôle that enables it to arouse the passions and protect the interests of the public.

The Press in San Jose is a reflection of the inhabitants of the City, who, like humanity in general, enjoy excitement, take pleasure in reading of the woes of others, and delight in discovering a new hero and another scandal every day.

The European always enjoys that mysterious page of the Sunday edition, modestly called Society Mirror. It seems to us that the title of this page, to be more appropriate, should be Page of Compliments, for the writer even surpasses the French in gallantry.

And still the violet hidden betwixt its verdant foliage, unrewarded genius, modestly concealed virtue, and the industrious laborer, are four charming realities that exist and are not always extolled by the Press in San Jose. Don't forget to pronounce it San Hosay!

Part IV.

Principal Business Houses of San Jose, Cal.


LION & SONS CO.
CARPETS
Office
CARPET DEPARTMENT



GENERAL VIEW OF SECOND FLOOR





DRAPERY DEPARTMENT. COSEY CORNER





SHOWING ROOM DEPARTMENT.





(ESTABLISHED 1856.)

CARPETS DRAPERIES

L. LION & SON'S COMPANY.

FURNITURE UPHOLSTERING

41-43-45-47 SO. SECOND ST.

SAN JOSE, CAL.

AG.



L. Hart & Son

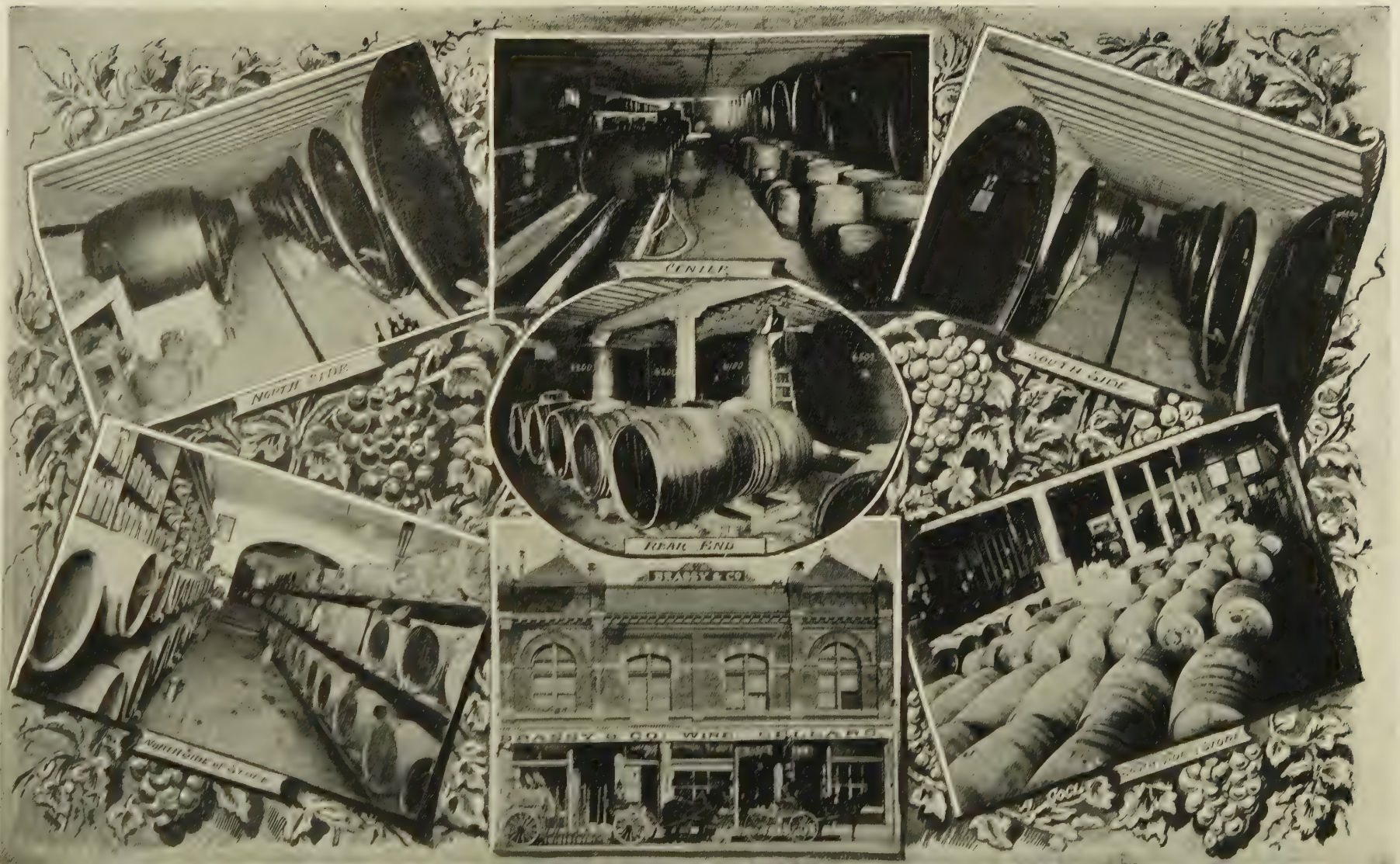
NEW CORNER CASH STORE

2.4.6.8.10.12.14.16 SOUTH MARKET STR.

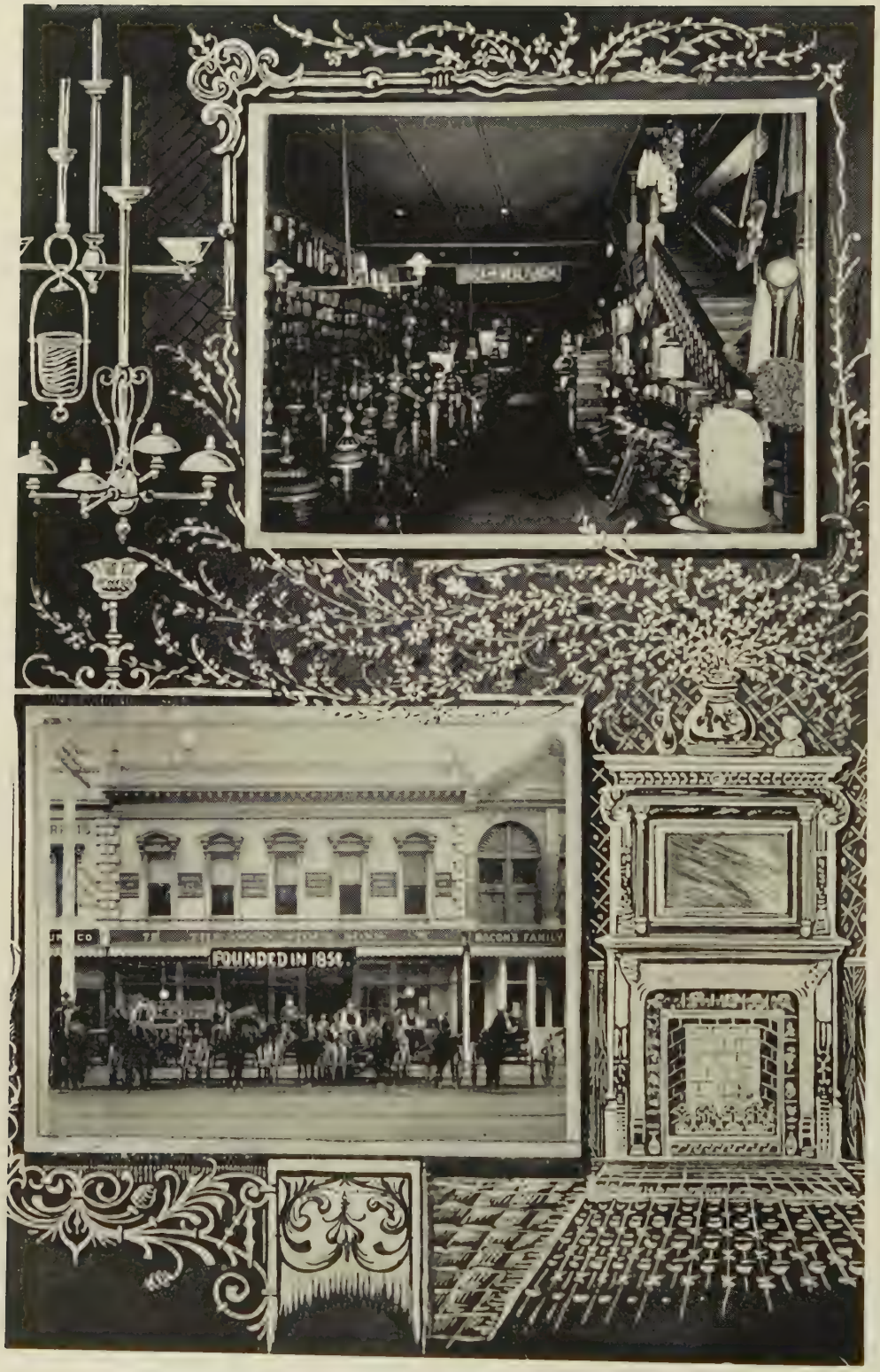

FLOUR FEED ETC
W.O. ALEXANDER



Office of Jas. H Rucker, San Jose, Cal.—Real Estate, Insurance and Rents.


NORTH SIDE
CENTER
REAR END
SOUTH SIDE
NORTH SIDE OF STORE
SOUTH SIDE OF STORE


ANDERSON PRUNE DIPPER &



The Oldest Hardware House in San Jose—John Stock & Sons, S. First St.



The First Established Florist in San Jose, S. First Street.



E. H. Bourguignon—Moore Park, San Jose, Cal.



The Rinaldo Bros. Cigar Store, S. First St., San Jose, Cal.



Boschken Bros'. Store, S. First St., San Jose, Cal.



No Percentage Pharmacy—"Mother House" in San Jose—View of the Store Illuminated.



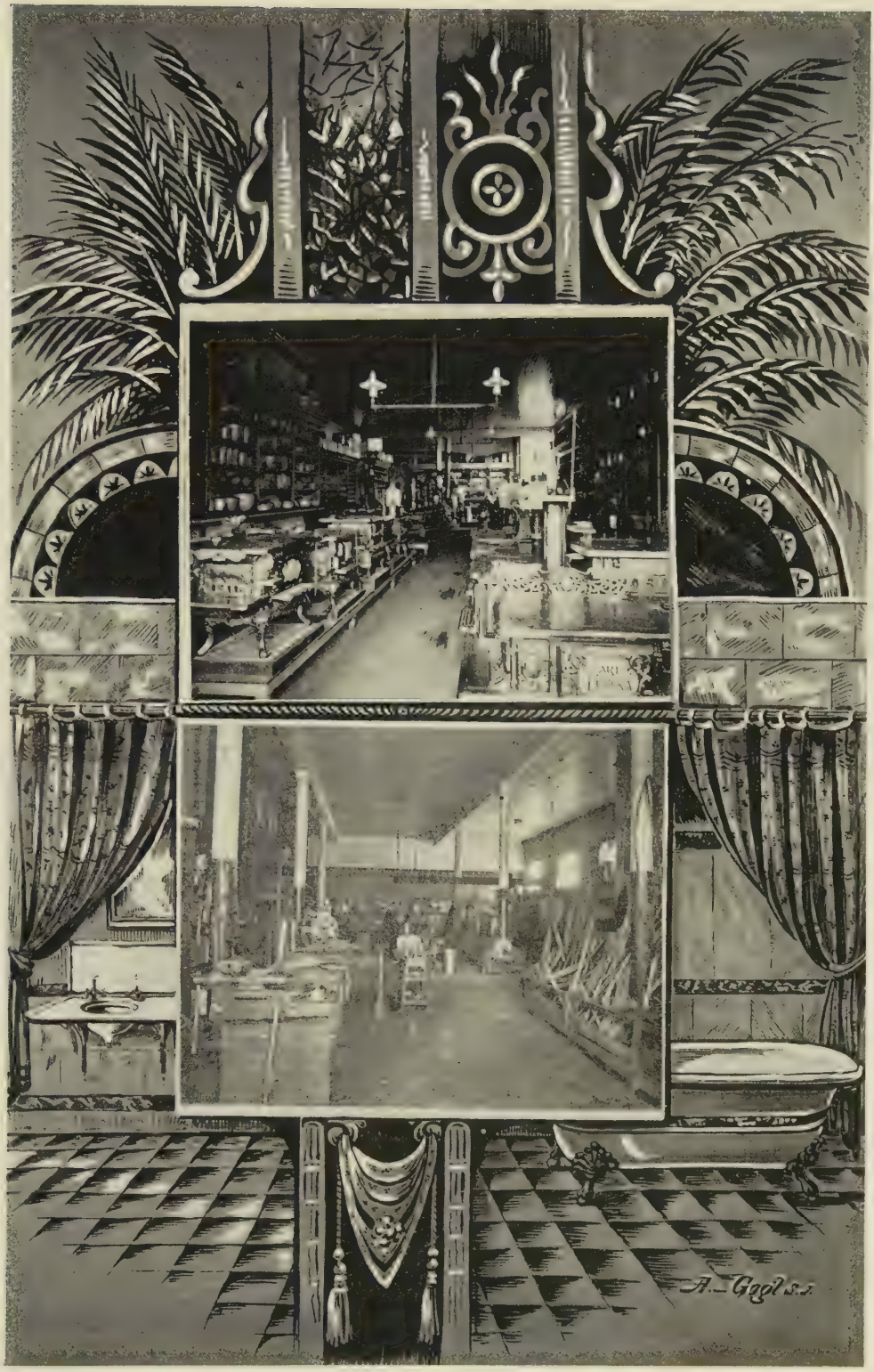
L. Callish's Drug Store—S. First St., San Jose.



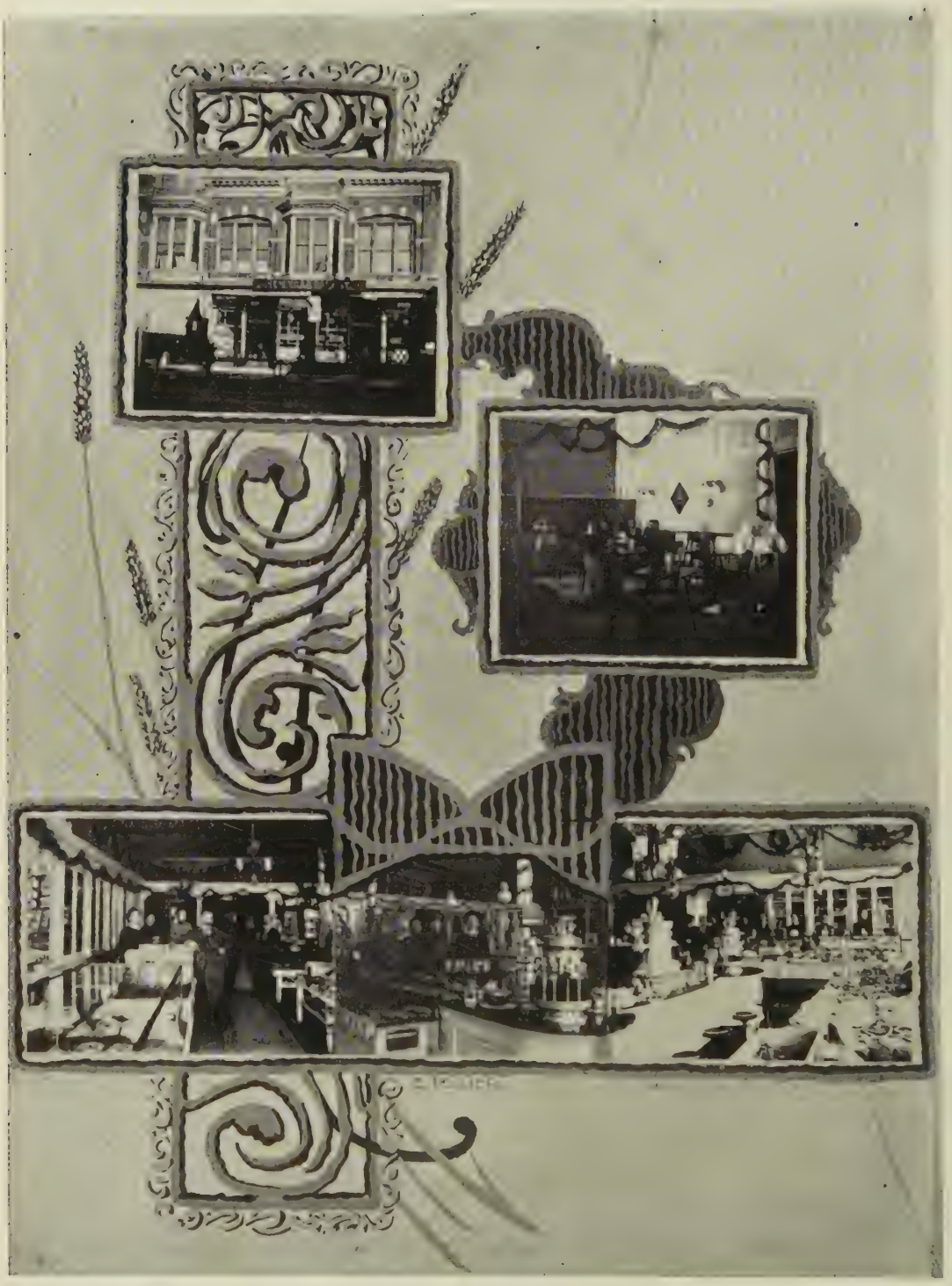
A. M. McCabe, Hatter, S. First St., San Jose.



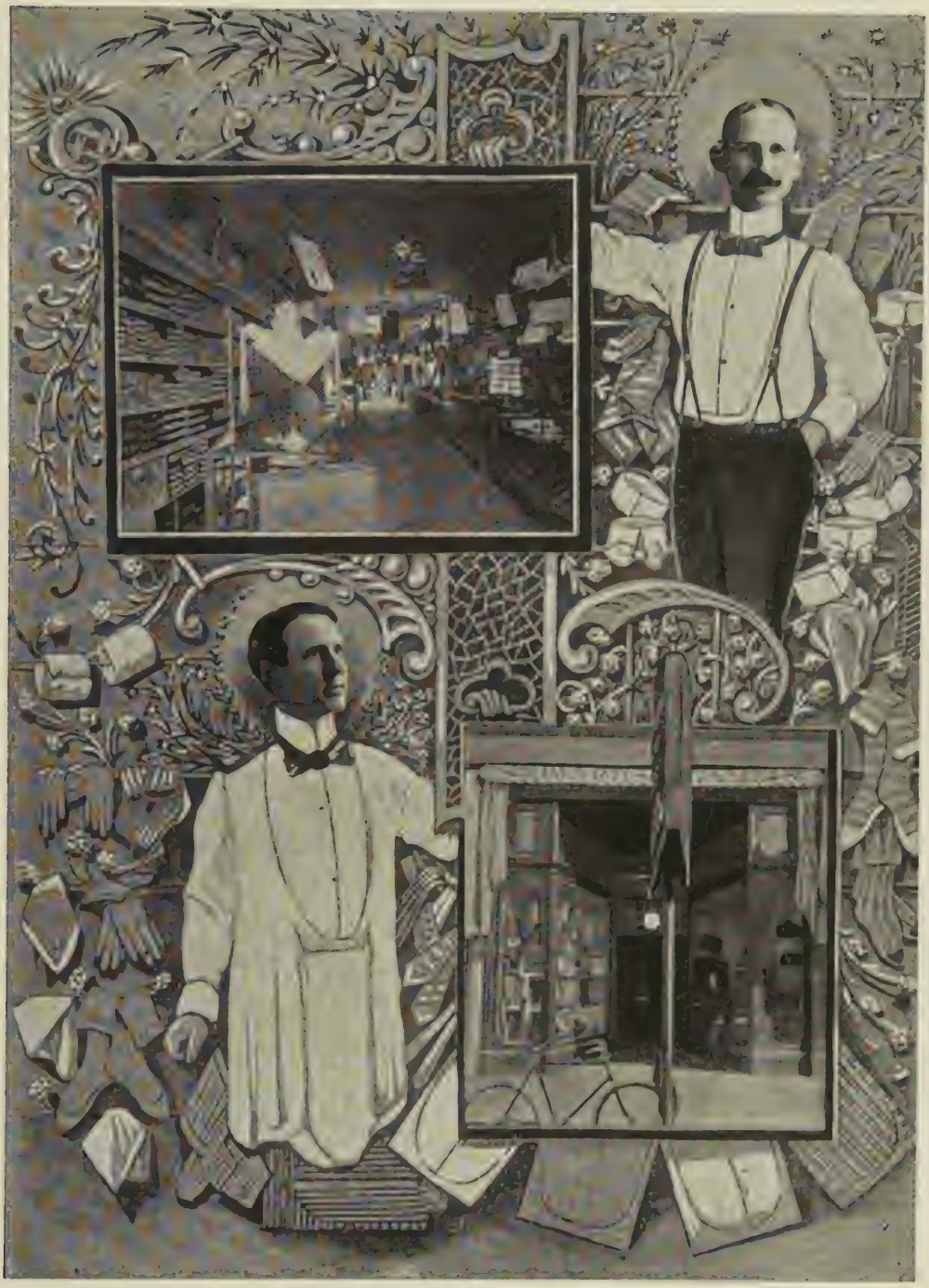
San Jose Hardware Co.—A. E. Holmes—W. San Fernando St.



W. W. Montague & Co., N. First Street.



The New York Bakery and Candy Store, S. First St.



Edwards & Lambkin, Neckwear, Hosiery, Shirts, Gloves, Gents' Furnishings, S. First St.



Butler Shoe Store, S. First St.



Ideal Tea Company, E. Santa Clara St.



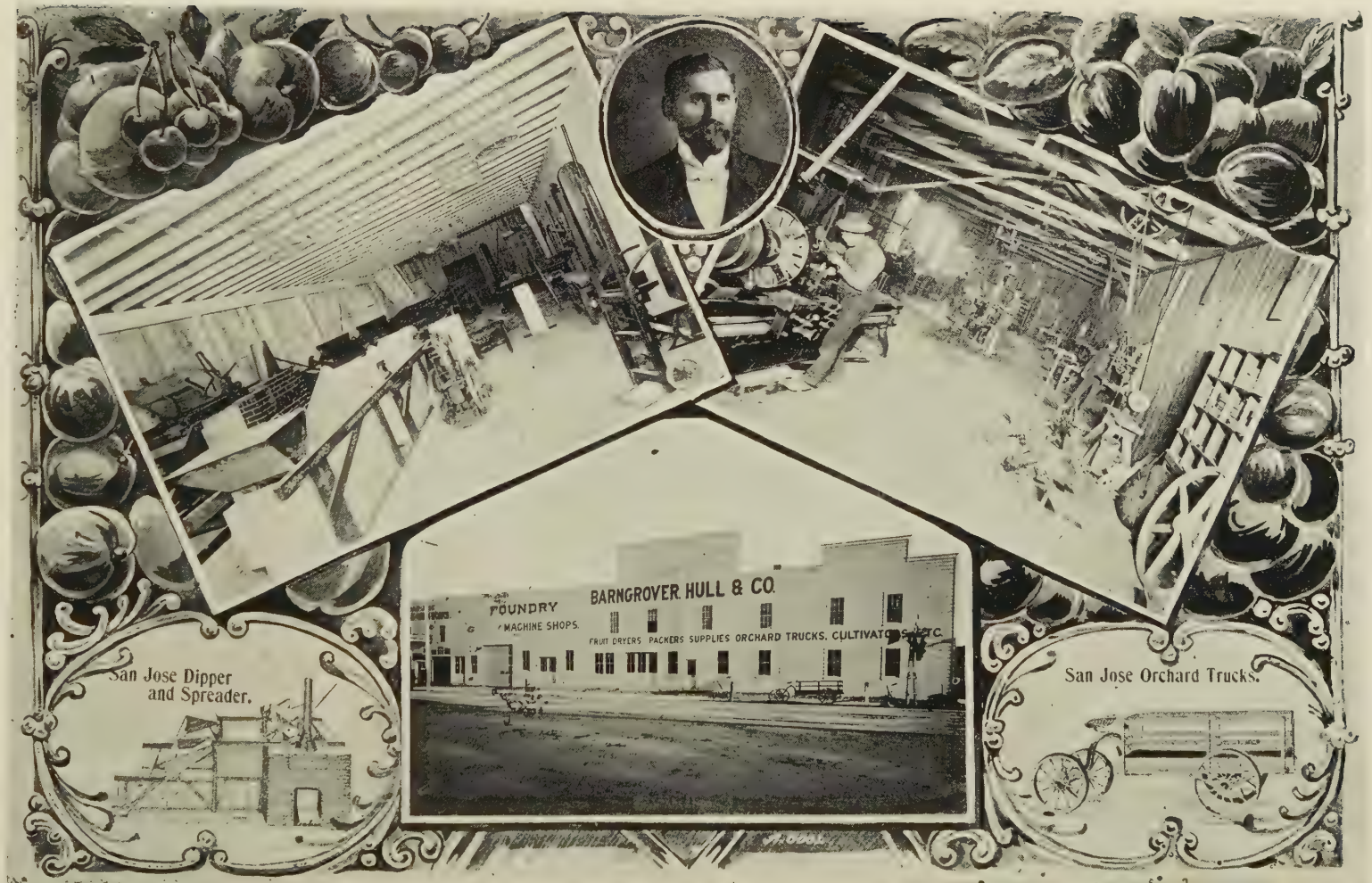
Ph. Prudhomme Family, Descendants of Pellier, the Famous French Orchardist of Santa Clara Valley—View of the Property

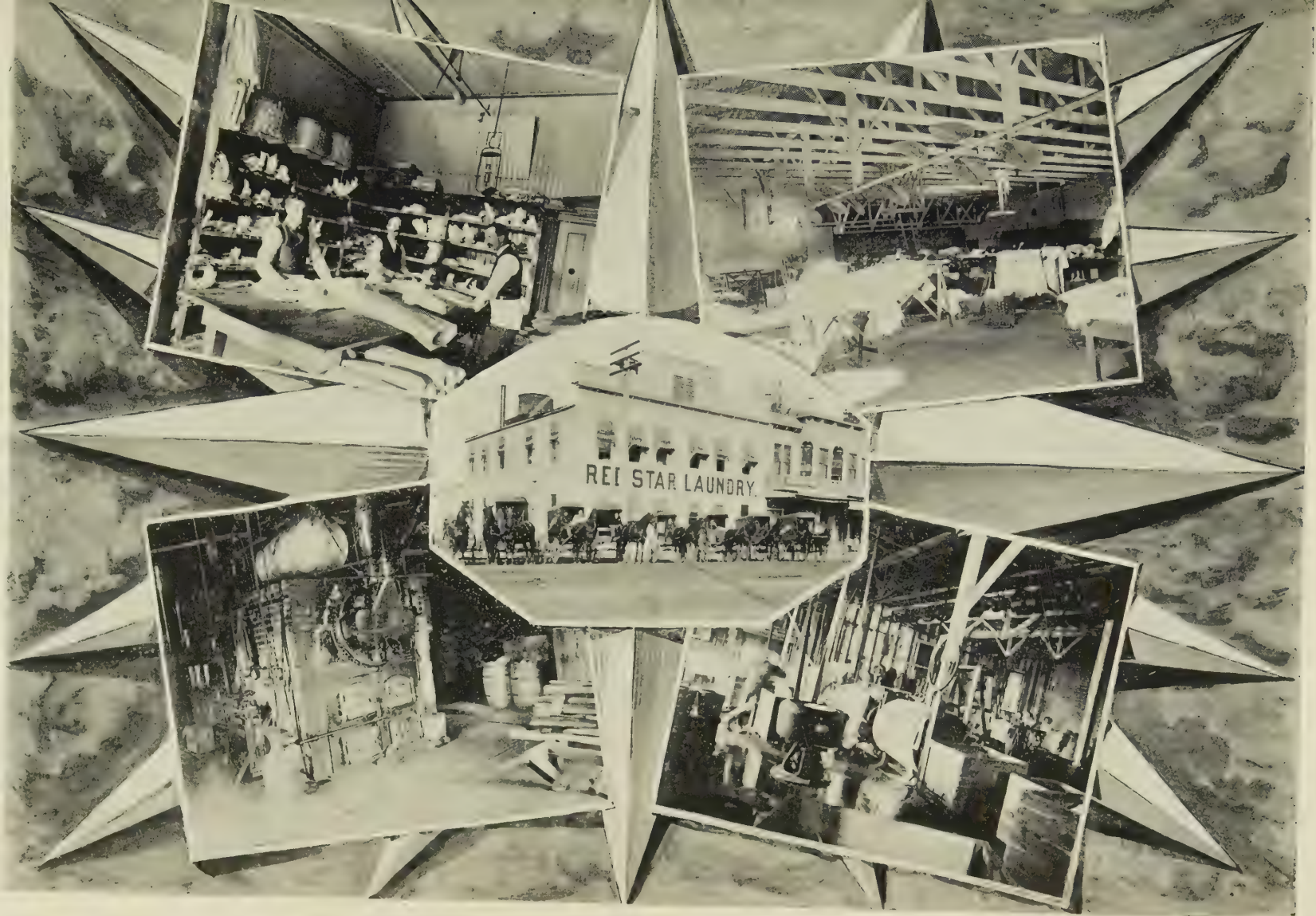


Interior of O'Brien's Candy Store, S. First St., San Jose.



Swiss Hotel, Established in 1855, N. Market St.


BARNGROVER HULL & CO.
FOUNDRY
MACHINE SHOPS.
FRUIT DRYERS PACKERS SUPPLIES ORCHARD TRUCKS, CULTIVATORS ETC.
San Jose Dipper and Spreader.
San Jose Orchard Trucks.


RED STAR LAUNDRY



Bozo Radowisch—Family Supply Store—W. San Fernando St.

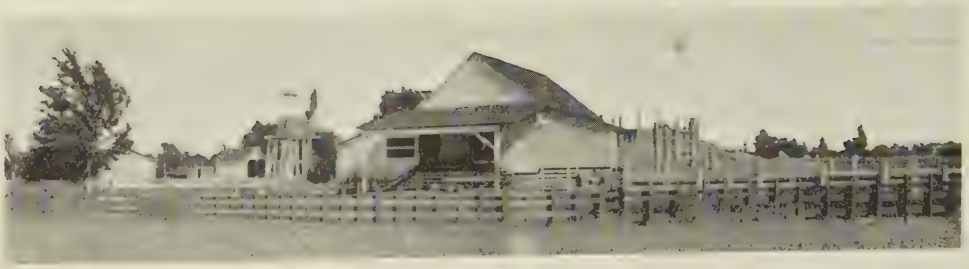


A. Greeninger & Son., Store and Shop, Orchard and Bal Sts.


TICKET
OFFICE
FREIG
OFFICE
SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY
EIGHT
AND
CKET
E 16
TICKETS SOLD



The Pacific Coast Business College, San Jose, Cal.





Cauhape's Stables and Slaughter House in San Jose.



Mathurin Marie Rimbault and Wife—French Orchardist, Santa Clara County.



Prosper Estrade's Grocery Store—Alameda Road, Santa Clara County.



Prosper Estrade's Residence in his Vineyard, Santa Clara County.



Prosper Estrade and Family, French Vineyardist, Santa Clara County.



A. Alloggi and Family and Tobacco Store, San Jose, Cal.

Part V.

Prominent Societies in San Jose.

The Photographs Reproduced in this Article were kindly furnished by Bushnell of San Jose.


SAN JOSE LODGE Nº 522.
B.P.O E.
INSTITUTED
DECEMBER 9
1899
JACKSON HATCH,
PAST EXALTED RULER.
J.R.PATTON,
EXALTED RULER

HISTORY OF THE ELKS.

By Fred. L. Thomas, Esteemed Loyal Knight.

The history of the Benevolent Protective Order of Elks is indeed a beautiful and interesting narrative. An organization seemingly born by accident, nurtured by sociability, and sustained in the fullness of its strength by the broad principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love, and Fidelity, it has worthily grown to be the grandest fraternity ever instituted in America. Its history, as in all great undertakings, has been replete with trials and tribulations, struggles and efforts; but the soothing hand of Time has smoothed over and conquered all, and today it stands as the greatest benefactor of mankind, holding, with outstretched arms, the cornucopia of Goodness, from which flows the milk of human kindness and the grains of brotherly love upon the aching hearts of thousands and thousands of the unfortunate of this earth.

Early in the fall of 1867, the western breezes carried into the harbor of New York an English trading vessel. Upon this ship was a man named Charles A. S. Vivian, the son of an English clergyman, who had drifted from the straight and narrow path his worthy ancestor had traveled, and chosen as his humble walk in life, the vocation of a comic singer. Ambition and hope had attracted him from home and turned his footsteps toward America. On the afternoon of the day of his arrival, he found his way to what was known as the Star Hotel, a very respectable, happy-go-lucky resort, kept by John Ireland. The pianist, Richard Steirly, was engaged in playing for the singing of some gentlemen who had assembled there. After they had finished, Vivian volunteered to sing for them, and the richness of his voice and beauty of expression at once attracted the attention of the proprietor of the place, who requested Vivian to sing again. This Vivian did.

In the meantime, the proprietor had sent out for Bob Butler, the proprietor of the American Theatre on Broadway. Butler listened to the splendid rendition of a song, and was so impressed with it that he forthwith engaged Vivian for a week.

His genial nature and kindly manner attracted all to him, and Steirly, who had formed a liking for him, invited him to dine with him

The Author regrets exceedingly his inability to publish several photographs received from the members of the Elks' Society, owing to their having come to hand too late.

at his boarding-house, which was kept by Mrs. Geisman, at 188 Elm Street. Here he met W. L. Bowron, whom he had known in England. Vivian was so taken up with the place and those who lived there that he took up his permanent residence with them. Mrs. Geisman's house soon became a favorite resort for a number of genial souls, among whom were several musicians and people connected with the theatrical profession. These congenial souls gathered in the boarding-house parlors to wile away the time on Sunday afternoons. It was at one of these meetings that Vivian suggested that a more permanent system of government be formed. In accordance with Vivian's suggestion, early in the winter of 1867–68 those who were in the habit of assembling there formed themselves into what they termed the "Jolly Corks." This organization consisted of fifteen members. The society soon became very popular and increased in membership which taxed the space of the boarding-house parlors and more commodious quarters had to be sought. The society removed its meeting place to 17 Delancey Street. The society continued to grow in numbers and popularity until each and every member realized that a more elegant and enduring name was necessary, and a committee was appointed for the purpose of selecting a name for the new order. A great deal of discussion was called forth. Vivian, mindful of the Buffaloes, a society in England of which he had been a member, advocated that name, but as it was to be an organization purely American, others insisted on a name as purely American as the order itself was to be. Accordingly on the 16th day of February, 1868, the name Elk was adopted by a very close vote, and this day and date marks the natal day of the B. P. O. Elks. After the change in the name the order made wonderful strides in growth, until it became necessary to remove to larger quarters on two different occasions, the final move being to the Masonic Temple at 596 Broadway.

It has been the general impression for a number of years that the Elks was an organization given entirely to the theatrical profession, and it has been, and was largely so until 1882. At this time it branched out into other professions, until now it embraces the bone and sinew of every profession in the land. At the formation of the order it was not given entirely to the theatrical profession, and the first intimation of this grew out of a benefit given by the order, in 1868, which resulted in the creation of more or less dissension within the ranks of the order. This benefit was given at the Academy of Music in New York City, and when John T. Kent, a clerk, one of the original "Jolly Corks," applied for admission he was informed that none but professionals would be permitted in the order.



San Jose Lodge, No. 522, B. P. O. Elks—for Reference to Names see List Pages 255 to 259.



San Jose Lodge, No. 522, B. P. O. Elks—for Reference to Names see List Pages 255 to 259.

The beautiful custom of the Memorial Service, now held by the Order on the first Sunday in December of each and every year, received its inception in 1870, upon the death of one of the members of the Order, when a Lodge of Sorrow was held. For some time after this upon the death of a member this Lodge of Sorrow was held, with the final result that it has since developed into the Memorial Day with its beautiful services.

In 1870, a number of the professionals in the City of Philadelphia started a movement to organize a lodge of Elks in that City. New York Lodge was an incorporated body and in order that a branch Lodge might be organized it became necessary that it should surrender all its rights in a Grand Lodge. This was done, and on January 1st, 1871, a Grand Lodge was formed and by act of Legislature of New York, was given power to grant charters to subordinate Lodges. On March 10th, 1871, a charter was granted to New York, No. 1, B. P. O. Elks, and two days later Philadelphia was organized. The growth of the order from this on was very slow owing largely to the fact that none but professionals might become members. Five years elapsed before another Lodge was instituted, and in 1881, but fourteen Lodges existed. In 1882, began the marvelous growth of the order. For from the fourteen Lodges of that year with their 1,806 members, it has grown to 625 Lodges with 71,000 members in 1900.

The "eleven o'clock" which has become such a marked symbol of the Order had its origin in 1868. It had been the custom after festivities were over, which was generally about eleven o'clock, for the members to arise and without any formal adieu bid one another good-night. George McDonald at one of these meetings introduced the formal toast at that hour, recalling the touching sentiment "To Our Absent Brothers," and from that day to this, at that hour all over the land, the Elks pause in reverence and with uplifted hand recall the memories of their absent Brothers.

It would seem that without a word of the death of Brother Vivian, the founder of this great Order, a history of it would be incomplete. His death occurred at Leadville, Colorado, on March 20th, 1880, the ultimate cause being pneumonia. He was a man universally loved, and his funeral which was held under the auspices of the Knights of Pythias, there being no Elk Lodge there, was the largest ever held in Leadville. In 1889, under the supervision of the Board of Grand Trustees of the Elks, and the Boston Lodge, his remains were removed to their final resting-place in the beautiful Elk's Rest, Mt. Hope Cemetery, Boston, where a monument was raised to his memory; but by far the greatest monument left of his life work is the great Brotherhood of Elks.

By a glance at the foregoing history you will readily see how the order has grown. It has succeeded because it deserved success; it has grown because of its ennobling principles; it has shed its beneficent light over this broad land because of its sterling worth. It has emblazoned on its banner mercy and kindness, justice and love, benevolence and protection, honor and charity. A mercy that flows from the deepest recesses of the heart; a kindness that springs from the fount of human sympathy; a justice that weighs in the balance the faults of a brother, and a love that writes those faults upon the ever-changing sands of time, and virtues upon the everlasting tablets of affection and memory; a benevolence from which falls the honeyed dew of happiness; a protection that binds weak and strong into one unbreakable, irresistible chain of fraternity; an honor that holds the family and the home of this brotherhood akin to God; a charity that works its good, sheds its benign light, and casts its influences for good upon the world without display, in darkness or light, in wind or rain, at all seasons of the year.

It enters the sickroom with a word of cheer and tenderness. It gathers around the death-bed, and grasps the emaciated hand of the brother who is about to enter the impenetrable, mysterious, unknown Beyond. And as the icy fingers of Death reach for his heart's chord, it seeks to make those last lingering moments one of peace and quiet; and when those eyes that once shown with delight are closed in the endless sleep of Death, when the hand that once gave out the warmth of fellowship is chilled and numb; when the lights have gone out, it comforts those whom he had comforted; it protects those whom he had sheltered and loved, and in the darkest hours of their bereavement it comes like a great ray of sunshine breaking into that darkness. It shelters the orphan, the widow, and the unfortunate brother overtaken by adversity. It stands as a great beacon-light shedding its glorious rays upon a troubled sea, guiding the distressed into a haven of safety, a home of solace. They have demonstrated to the world that out of sociability comes the quintessence of goodness, for behind its genial side there lives a love of God, a reverence for our fellow-man.

The local Lodge of Elks was instituted under the supervision of F. L. Gray, D.D.G.E.R., assisted by the San Francisco Lodge, on the 9th day of December, 1899. It was instituted under very favorable auspices and marked one of the largest times ever had in San Jose. It had a charter membership of 116, and Hon. Jackson Hatch was chosen as the the presiding officer, which position he occupies at present in a very worthy manner. It has a steady increase in membership until now there are upon its rolls 223 members, comprising the leading members of every profession and calling.



San Jose Lodge, No. 522, B. P. O. Elks—for Reference to Names see List Pages 255 to 259.



San Jose Lodge, No. 522, B. P. O. Elks—for Reference to Names see List Pages 255 to 259. Nos. 84 and 96 are not members of the San Jose Elks, and were placed in this group by error of Engraver.

Officers of San Jose Lodge No. 522.

B. P. O. E.

Joseph R. Patton, Exalted Ruler
Fred L. Thomas, Esteemed Loyal Knight
A. J. Mullen, Secretary
J. A. Edwards, Esquire
Aug. Menn, Jr., Tyler
Paul P. Austin, Trustee
E. H. Bourguignon, Trustee
E. J. Crawford, Esteemed Leading Knight
E. M. Rosenthal, Esteemed Lecturing Knight
Wm. E. Blauer, Treasurer
John W. Thomas, Inner Guard
C. L. Southgate, Chaplain
Gus Lion, Trustee
Jackson Hatch, Past E. R., Delegate to Grand Lodge

Membership Directory.

(These addresses are all San Jose, unless otherwise designated.)

42–Arguello, J. S., Capitalist, Paul Block
69–Arques, C. R., Deputy County Clerk, Hotel Vendome
5–Austin, Paul P., Trustee, 683 S. Second Street
Alexander, G. W., Salesman, Baker Building
49–Ballou, Geo. H., Bank Clerk, 484 N. Second Street
40–Barker, A. M., Dentist, 17 S. First Street
Barker, G. L., Manager First Street R. R., Moir Building
99–Barstow, A., Secretary, Cured Fruit Association, 326 N. First Street
Besse, M., Sheriff, Santa Cruz
50–Binder, Wm., Architect, Dougherty Building
71–Black, L. C., Merchant, 94 S. Second Street
Boschken, W. J., Merchant, 138 S. First Street
45–Boschken, H. J., Merchant, 138 S. First Street
8–Bourguignon, E. H., Treasurer, Moorpark Avenue
79–Bourguignon, F. E., Florist, Moorpark Avenue
Bowden, Wm. A., Lawyer, Bank S. J. Building
Bowden, Nicholas, Lawyer, Rea Building
11–Blauer, W. E., Treasurer, G. C. Bank
Bond, L. W., Merchant, Santa Clara
Butler, R. J., Merchant, S. Second Street
80–Bland, H. M., Teacher, Normal School
75–Bruen, J. H., Clerk, Gilroy
68–Brooks, Joseph T., Clerk, Hotel Vendome
Brubaker, J. O., Journalist, San Francisco
Braslan, C. P., Capitalist, 19 E. San Fernando Street
Brayton, H. W., Druggist, San Francisco
51–Brosius, A. F. K., Bookbinder, Knox Block
Brown, H. C., Physician, Rea Building
Bryant, D. T., Bank Teller, First National Bank

78–Burke, R. H., Physician, Letitia Building
64–Bills, Chas. B., Manager Porter Bros., Fourth and Empire Streets
Bullock, W. H., Teacher, Normal School
Bridges, H. Swift, Lawyer, Court House
Burke, John P., Superintendent S. J. & S. C. R. R. Co.
58–Brandon, F. J., Accountant, 1037 S. First Street
Blum, M. S., Merchant, 210 Davis Street, San Francisco
65–Brockett, I. T., Clerk, 398 S. Fifth Street
Byerly, H, O., L. & P. Company, 222 Montgomery Street
56–Caldwell, A. E., Stenographer, Agnew Hospital
27–Callisch, Louis, Druggist, 93 S. First Street
Carrol, J. R., Capitalist, Cor. Market and San Carlos Streets
Clayton, E. W., Real Estate, 471 N. First Street
83–Cobb, C. W., Lawyer, Rea Building
32–Col, Al, County Auditor, Hall of Records
Caldwell, F. M., Dentist, Stockton
Chase, E. E., Superintendent, G. C. Can., 340 N. Third Street
Coolidge, C. C., Lawyer, Court House
Craven; W. L., Commercial Traveler
3–Crawford, E. J., Esteemed Leading Knight, The Alameda
Chambers, A. L., Livery, 130 S. Second Street
Chase, S. H., Bookkeeper, 100 Montgomery Street
Campbell, J. H., District Attorney, First and Empire Streets
Crossman, W. E., Real Estate, Miller & George
Cottle, F. L., Farmer, Curtner Avenue
101–Cottle, E. E., Deputy City Treasurer, Ninth and San Antonio Streets
Connelly, Robt. E., Journalist Evening News, S. Second Street
38–Camm, C. W., San Francisco
39–Dailey, M. E., Principal, Normal School
Doer, H. C., N. Y. Bakery, 176 S. First Street
66–Donahoo, F. L., Ticket Agent, Bush and San Fernando Streets
Duffy, J. B., Santa Fe R. R. Co., San Francisco
Dunlop, G. T., Real Estate, Gilroy
Davy, J. W., Dentist, Auzerais Building
De'Ablaing, F. W., Musician, 30 E. Santa Clara Street
Dreschmeyer, H., Brick Manufacturer, 1104 S. Third Street
Davis, Roy V., Druggist, 11 Clinton Place
Dornberger, H. L., Teacher Normal School
10–Edwards, J. A., Esquire, 78 S. First Street
47–Estey, F. H., Sedalia Lodge, Mo., No. 125
Eaton, A. C., Bank Teller, Bank of San Jose
91–Ehrhorn, E. M., Bug Inspector, Mt. View
Fasset, T. A. K., S. P. R. R., 65 S. Eleventh Street
48–Fenton, John
Figel, Fred, Orchardist, Santa Clara
87–Flannery, D. J., Rev. Agent, Hotel St. James
18–Foss, W. F., Real Estate, 45 W. Santa Clara Street
88–Gussefeldt, Wm., Merchant Tailor, 35 W. Santa Clara Street
41–Gates, H. B., Physician, Porter Building
Hale, O. A., Merchant, 140 S. First Street
86–Halford, J. T., Real Estate, 16 N. Second Street
Halsey, T. V., Superintendent, Tel. Co., San Francisco
15–Hart, A. J., Merchant, Market and Santa Clara Streets
Hatch, Jackson, Lawyer, Rea Building
Haydock, C., R. R. Co., Los Angeles
98–Henry, L., Theatrical Agent
Hirsch, Leon, Milliner, 46 S. First Street

Hobson, Thad. W., Merchant, 40 W. Santa Clara Street
Hogan, T. C., Printer, 138 Santa Teresa Street
Hogg, C. H., Lawyer, Knox Block
93–Hocking, A. J., Undertaker, 117 S. First Street
Howes, Geo. A., Bookkeeper, 236 E. Santa Clara Street
57–Humburg, H., Carpet Cleaner, Fourteenth and Santa Clara Streets
Harrison, C. A., Hotel Proprietor, San Francisco
36–Hambly, F. J., Lawyer, Safe Deposit Bank
Hersey, T., Orchardist, West Side
Hyland, M. H., Superior Judge, 444 N. First Street
Hinklebein, W. J., Clerk, 45 River Street
22–Henry, W. E., Rancher, The Alameda
Hobson, Wm. B., Merchant, 154 S. Second Street
Haas, D. L., 411 S. Second Street
89–Hirth, Geo., Tinner, 249 S. Fourth Street
Holman, Alfred, Journalist, Mercury Office
Hancock, J. E., Teacher, 37 South Ninth Street
63–Irish, H. E., Santa Cruz
Jobson, E. C., End Man, 26 S. First Street
Johnson R. R., Orchardist, The Alameda
Johnson, S. E., Orchardist, The Alameda
55–Kayser, A., Clerk, 74 S. First Street
Kidward, J. A., Chief of Police, 20 E. San Fernando Street
26–King, F. Louis, Prof., 259 N. Second Street
92–Knickerbocker, E., Iceman, 88 N. First Street
Knowles, A. B., Dairyman, Fifth and Empire Streets
Koch, Valentine, Merchant, 91 Delmas Avenue
44–Kocher, J. J., Jeweler, 15 S. First Street
43–Kocher, J. R.. Jeweler, 15 S. First Street
28–Kooser, N. B., Lawyer, 508 Montgomery Street
Kooser, R. S., Clerk, 114 S. Second Street
Knox, C. W., Bank Clerk, 130 E. St. James Street
Kraus, A., Merchant, 548 S. Ninth Street
Kelley, Jas. V., Capitalist
Kron, H. F., Tanner, Santa Cruz
102–Ladd, D. R., Hotel Clerk, St. James Hotel
76–Leet, Wm. J., Real Estate, Rea Building
Lenzen, W. F., Merchant, 222 Park Avenue
Lenzen, T. W., 927 Market Street, San Francisco
Lion, Emile, Merchant, 94 S. Second Street
14–Lion, Ernest, Merchant, 94 S. Second Street
2–Lion, Gus, Trustee, Third and Julian Streets
35–Lion, H. J., Merchant, 121 E. Julian Street
37–Lambkin, J. B., Merchant, 78 S. First Street
Lindsay, C. E., Hotel Proprietor, Santa Cruz
Loeb, G., Merchant, 18 S. First Street
Lundin, T. C., Cutter, 470 E. Third Street
Lotz, Jos. A., County Treasurer, 116 S. Ninth Street
Lumbard, G. B., Clerk, 496 S. Second Street
23–Lorigan, W. G., Superior Judge, 408 S. Fifth Street
29–Langford, R. J., Sheriff, 850 S. Third Street
Marten, A. H., Merchant, 293 S. Second Street
13–Martin, C. J., Mayor, 296 S. Third Street
17–Martin, H. J., Secretary Police and Fire Commission, City Hall
6–Menn, Jr., Aug., Tyler, 167 W. Santa Clara Street
Mac Bride, C. G. H., Capitalist, Alum Rock Avenue
33–McGraw, D. F., Dentist, 36 S. First Street

16–McGeoghegan, T. J., City Treasurer, City Hall
McKenney, A. C., Druggist, Hilo, H. I.
95–Michaels, E.
Moore, Fred W., Merchant, Lenzen Avenue
60–Morehouse, H. V., Attorney., 508 Montgomery Street
31–Murgotten, Alex. P., Printer and Publisher, 24 N. Second Street
Meisterheim, Chas. L., Plumber, 249 S. Fourth Street
52–Moore, O. T., Merchant, Gilroy
May, Geo. B., Hay Dealer, 403 N. Third Street
21–Macaulay, J. W., Accountant, 93 Hobson Street
82–Moody, E. A., Renovator, 259 N. First Street
9–Mullen, Al. J., Secretary Elks, 44 N. Ninth Street
Murphy, Martin, Capitalist, 340 N. Third Street
Mayock, S. J., Real Estate, Gilroy
Nash, Dr. D. E., Dentist, Ryland Building
Navelet, C. C., Florist, First and San Fernando Streets
59–Norton, R. E., Journalist, 1335 Golden Gate Avenue, San Francisco
Noble, W. N., Capitalist, 424 N. Third Street
67–Osborne, J. S., Oil Capitalist, Call Building, San Francisco
Owens, Fred, Merchant, 128 S. First Street
74–Osterman, Wm., Grain Merchant, Hotel St. James
85–O'Keefe, J. F., Secretary Oak Hill Cemetery
24–O'Neal, Louis, Lawyer, 249 S. Second Street
O'Keefe, F. H., Commercial Traveler, 195 W. St. James Street
Peoples, H. B. Sacramento
61–Perren, W. E., Dentist, 28 W. San Fernando Street
97–Phelps, J. R., Stenographer, 27 S. First Street
Piper, J. W., Capitalist, Hotel Vendome
Patton, J. R., Attorney, Auzerais Building
81–Pellier, E. J., Artist, 183 W. St. James Street
Pfister, H. C., 117 E. San Fernando Street
Parker, J. M., Clerk, Moorpark Avenue
Perrin, F. W., Dentist, 64 S. Tenth Street
Perrin, M. D., Thos. A., 64 S. Tenth Street
Parkman, H. L., Superintendent Cir. Evening News, 239 San Augustine
20–Rea, E. M., Lawyer, Rea Building
Rea, Jas. W., Real Estate, Rea Building
77–Reid, R. H., Physician, Hilo, Hawaiian Islands
Rogers, W. J., Councilman, 141 Delmas Avenue
4–Rosenthal, E. M., Esteemed Lecturing Knight, Rea Building
1–Ryland, Jos. R., Ex. Leading Knight, Hotel St. James
Rankin, W. B., Wine Grower, Los Gatos
Rea, Geo. E., Supervisor, Gilroy
Ryder, Wm. G., Jeweler, 356 S. Second Street
Ryland, Chas. B., Orchardist, 72 N. Eighth Street
34–Rhodes, E. L., Attorney, Auzerais Building
Riddle, J. W., Merchant, Los Gatos
72–Sage, L. A., Hotel Proprietor, Saratoga
100–Sanford, F. C., Deceased
Schubert, A. V., Musician, 85 S. First Street
Shumate, A. E., Prof., Principal, San Jose High School
54–Shedden, Geo. S., Drug Clerk. 56 N. Ninth Street
Sheets, Dr. C. A., Hotel Vendome
Shell, Geo. P., Hotel Manager, Hotel Vendome
73–Spitzer, L. A., County Assessor, Court House
Staffler, Geo., Merchant, Santa Cruz
Southgate, C. L., Proprietor Troy Laundry, 76 Pierce Avenue

19–Stephenson, J. F., Druggist, Cor. Second and Santa Clara Streets
25–Sterling, E. T., Banker, Security Savings Bank
53–Schemmel, H. L., Prof. of Music, Porter Building
Smith, E. M., Dairyman, 119 Empire Street
Sargent, B. V., Lawyer, Salinas
Sargent, J. A., Salinas
Schumacher, F., Dentist, 52 S. First Street
Stevens, Harry A., Dentist, Ryland Building
Seifert, Geo. W., Physician, Letitia Building
Schwartz, Burt I., Clerk, 267 E. St. James Street
Saddler, J. W., Clerk, 30 S. Fifth Street
7–Thomas, Fred L., Esteemed Loyal Knight, 13 S. First Street
12–Thomas, J. W., Inner Guard, 105 S. First Street
70–Turel, G., Clerk, 169 Orchard Street
62–Thwaits, R. T., Hotel Proprietor, Bassett and Market Streets
46–Van Dalsen, Wm., Physician, Porter Building
Varcoe, John, Under-Sheriff, Court House
Wallace, J. T., Justice of the Peace, 74 S. Fifth Street
Walsh, P. M., Merchant, 394 W. Fernando Street
30–Woodrow, W. L., Undertaker, 117 S. First Street
Worswick, G. D., Manager Pine Box Manufacturing Co., 75 Fox Avenue
90–Wray, H. G. H., Hotel Clerk, Capitola
Wright, C. D., Lawyer, Sweigert Building
Waste, J. W., Druggist, Agnews
Williams, Chas. W., Journalist, 78 S. Second Street
Worral, Geo. H., Dentist, Santa Clara
Wright, Theo. M., Printer, 64 Webster Street, East San Jose
Woldenberg, R. L., Moir Building

Supplement.

Leanord, J. J. C., Santa Cruz
Hopkins, Milo C., Santa Cruz
Langford, Arthur B., Insurance Solicitor, 16 W. Santa Clara Street



Residence of Alphonse Lorentz, San Jose.

Some of the French Pioneers of San Jose and their Descendants.



Felix Sourisseau, native of Marmande, France, arrived in California with his father in February 1849, and established in San Jose since 1850.



Doctor Jacques Savidan, native of Saint Gilles, Les Bois, France, decorated by Napoleon with the Order of Crimee, as a warrior of Sebastopol, the Doctor is the first Veterinary Surgeon established in San Jose.



Mrs. Doctor Jacques Savidan, nee Sourisseau, who joined her father, Felix Sourisseau, in San Jose in 1852.



Miss Marie Josephine Savidan, Graduate from the French School.



Pierre Baltz, native of Alsace, well known business man in early days of San Jose.



Mrs. Pierre Baltz, Native of Alsace.



Francois Quement, nephew of Doctor Savidan.



Pierre Magendie, Vice-President of the French National Celebration, Fall of the Bastile, in 1900 at San Jose.



A. J. Minjoulet, Vice-President of the French National Celebration, Fall of the Bastile, in 1899, at San Jose.



Henry Gaignaire.



Emile Coffe.
Born in San Jose in 1881.



Auguste Millot, the Typical French Vineyardist of Almaden, Santa Clara County.



Jean Sibers Family, Santa Clara County.



Mr. & Mrs. Jean Auguste Richier, San Jose.



Mrs. Renee T. Lagrue, San Jose.



Angousture Family, Santa Clara County.



1—Coleman Younger
2—John Trimble
3—Alex. P. Murgotten
4—Isaac Branham
5—S. O. Houghton
6—J. J Owen
7—T. W. Spring
8—John Stock
9—Edward Younger
10—Wm. A. January
11—Sam'l A. Bishop
12—C. W. Pomeroy
13—Wm. Erkson
14—M. Schallenberger
15—J. A. Moultrie
16—D. C. Bailey
17—Jas. T. Murphy
18—Martin Murphy
19—B. D. Murphy
20—N. R Harris
21—Jas. A. Clayton
22—Adolph Pfister
23—T. Ellard Beans
24—David Belden
25—C T. Ryland
26—W. H. Patton
27—H. Messing
28—J. H. Adams
29—J. W. Marshall
30—Gen. J. A. Sutter
31—E. P. Reed
32—Martin Corcoran
33—R. B. Buckner
34—C J. Martin
35—Jos. E. Brown
36—L. Lion
37—Abram King
38—D. M. Delmas
39—Patrick Tallon
40—Gus. Nelson
41—Wm. Quinn
42—Geo. E. Thomas
43—A. S. Williams
44—J. C. Morris
45—Benj. Cory
46—John Morse
47—C. Finley
48—Jas. W. Eastin
49—S. Radcliffe
50—C. S Crydenwise
51—M. Stern
52—John Balbach
53—Chas. Lefranc
54—J. W Kottinger
55—J. R. Arques
56—D. A. Leddy
57—Wm. Tennant
58—L. Krumb
59—A. Schoenheit
60—Wm. Sexton
61—Peter Etchebarne
62—F. M. Pfister
63—Jas. Leddy
64—S. P. Stockton
65—Jno. S. Selby
66—C. W. Young
67—W. M. Lubbock
68—John B. Hewson
69—Isaac Dixon
70—Levi Goodrich
71—J. O McKee
72—Calvin Martin
73—Edward Ford
74—E J. Delaney
75 Stephen Holmes
76—Geo. Holmes
77—J. R. Weller
78—E. J. Wilcox
79—Chas Otter
80—Jacob Rich
81—Freeman B. Smith
82—Robt Caldwell
83—J. H. Cornthwaite
84—Geo. E. Buckman
85—James Ford
86—Francis D. Clark
87—David Wight
88—W. W. Clendennin
89—Ant. Matty
90—Harry J. Bee
91—Jno. S. Carter
92—Sterling Ashworth
93—Jos. Waterman
94—Robt. Page
95—C. L. W. Sikes
96—Wm. Page
97—Wm. B. Shoemaker
98—Jos. E. Rucker
99—Jos. T. Middleton
100—Henry Lux
101—S. I Jamison
102 E S. Smith
103—J E. Knoche
104—John Karr
105—W. B. Rogers
106—James R. Lowe

SHORT HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE SANTA CLARA COUNTY PIONEERS.

By W. D. J. Hambly, Acting Secretary.

This society was first called into existence as an associated body about Saturday, May 29th, 1875, by a meeting of a number of Pioneer residents in the rooms of the Agricultural Society, in Music Hall Building, San Jose.

The meeting was organized by Carey Peebles being chosen President pro tem, and A. P. Murgotten, Secretary. The President briefly stated that the object of the meeting was to form an association for social intercourse, and to hold an annual reunion of the Pioneer residents of the County, who had arrived in the State in 1853 or earlier, who were residents of Santa Clara County.

The first act of the meeting was to appoint Col. Younger, Judge Rhodes, John Trimble, Judge Davis Devine and John M. Murphy, a committee on permanent organization, to draft Constitution and By-Laws for the government of the association, and report the same at the first reunion and picnic, which was set for Tuesday, June 22nd, at O'Donnell's Gardens, corner of William and 9th Sts., San Jose, that date and place being selected by the meeting.

On motion C. B. Hensley, Chas. White, Albert Campbell, Ed. Younger and A. P. Murgotten were appointed an executive committee, with power to appoint sub-committees and to perfect arrangements.

The following pioneer residents of the County who were present, by resolutions adopted became members of the temporary organization, and were appointed a committee to assist in the permanent organization, they thereby being the original members of the first Pioneer Association of Santa Clara County: Judge A. L. Rhodes, S. A. Bishop,* Isaac Branham,* J. M. Murphy,* John Trimble,* A. Pfister, John Selby, C. W. Pomeroy, T. E. Beans, C. T. Ryland,* A. P. Murgotten, J. Q. A. Ballon, Thos. Rea, Dr. Bryant,* Dr. L. H. Bascom,* Wm. Rucker,* Capt. J. H. Adams,* Capt. Jos. Aram, Carey Peebles,* J. J. Owen,* Dr. Langhorne,* W. A. January, Dudley Wells, F. C. Franck, Geo. Cross, J. M. Billings, R. K. Ham,* J. H. Morgan,* B. D. Murphy, Frank Lewis,* R. B. Buckner,* P. G. Keith, Phil McCabe,* I. N. Graham,* F. B. Murdock,*

Col. Younger,* D. E. Miller, S. O. Houghton, Thos. Campbell, S. Q. Broughton, Oscar Reeves, Henry Reeves, J. P. Martin,* H. Shartzer,* J. H. Cornthwaite, David Hobson, B. S. Branham, Davis Devine,* Daniel Murphy,* George Hobson,* Thos. Bodley,* George Givens, Maj. H. J. Bradley, S. B. Emerson, Isaac Hattabaugh, J. H. A. Mason,* C. Hobbs,* Wm. O'Donnell,* Chas. Clark, Ed. Younger, C. B. Hensley,* A. L. Bascom,* Wm. Boone,* Jeff Bailey and Chas. E. White.*

A general invitation was extended to the pioneer residents and old settlers to unite with the association, and thus was given life to the Santa Clara Pioneers; an association of men whose toils, privations, perils and indomitable spirit, in conjunction with tact, judgment and energy, and an ever-expressed desire by both word and act to improve the condition of man, elevate the human race, and give to posterity upon the Pacific Coast one of the greatest states in the Union, which will ever remain a monument to that grand spirit of enterprise and daring that ever inspires true pioneer men and women such as they were: while many have passed on to the higher life, their lives show many noble acts of kindness that are green spots in the memories of their associates and neighbors who are still with us.

The next stage in the growth of this society, was at the meeting held on June 22nd, 1875, at O'Donnell's Garden, where a Constitution and By-Laws were adopted and officers elected; and a membership of 274, with initiation fee at $2.00, was obtained. The society had a membership in 1877 of nearly 500.

That all may fully understand the purposes for which the society was organized, and the conditions required to be a member thereof, we will give two articles of the Constitution:—Article I., Sec 1, NAME; Article I., Sec. 2: Its objects are to cultivate social intercourse, and to form a more perfect union among its members; to create a fund for charitable purposes; to form a library and cabinet; and to collect and preserve information concerning its members, and the settlement and history of this state.

Article II., Sec. 1. Members of this society shall consist only of those persons who were residents of this state prior to the twenty-second day of June, 1855, and are now or have been residents of Santa Clara County. (This section later on was amended to read Dec. 31st, 1853)

The first officers of the society who were elected on this date, were Judge A. L. Rhodes, President; John M. Murphy and P. O. Minor, Vice-Presidents; A. P. Murgotten, Secretary; John H. Moore, Treasurer; Col. Younger, Davis Devine, John Trimble, A. Pfister, Carey Peebles and B.

*Deceased.

D. Murphy, Directors. Thus was completed the organization of the Society of Santa Clara County Pioneers. It flourished for nine years, during which time the membership had become quite large. The annual reunions, picnics and barbecues were noted as the leading social occasions in the community.

The society never procured a hall or building of its own, or accumulated anything of great financial value. That magnet of power that tends to draw together and bind, that force that surpasses all others—material worth in resources and revenues of labor and trade—Wealth. Death claimed many of the most earnest members, and dissension, the outgrowth of individual ambition and self-interest, soon destroyed social interest. The meetings became further apart, and finally we find from the records, that on Nov. 25th, 1884, a committee of the Native Sons visited a meeting of the officers and directors of the Pioneers, having received an invitation to come. This committee consisted of Ed Younger, A. F. Hoehner, H. J. Bradley, J. W. Ryland and F. M. Pfister, and asked that the Board place the cabinet and other property of the society in their care, they (the Native Sons) to take good care of everything until such time as the Pioneers should want them, when they would be returned on demand. A resolution prevailed granting the request of the Native Sons, also donating to Col. Younger the Elk Horns, and to A. P. Murgotten the Secretary's desk, and that the rest of the furniture, carpets, etc., be sold, and that the President and Secretary pay all debts. With a vote of thanks to the Board and Officers of the Society, an adjournment was taken to the call of the President.

Thus ends the Record and historical portion of the original Society of Pioneers of Santa Clara County. We regret very much that such was the fate of the society, especially when composed of that class of persons who had faced almost all the dangers and obstacles met with in the lives of frontier men and pioneering, and had gained victory over all. But it seemed that the spirit still lived, for after a rest of nearly ten years, there was awakened a spirit among those whom the Reaper had not called over the Divide to higher land and life, to see what could be done at reorganization. There was a longing for that clasp of the hand, that association and communion that brought back those old memories, that seemed to revive a wish for the old times that had gone; a desire to meet old friends whose toils and burdens, and accumulation of years, and distance between the homes had forbidden them from enjoying the pleasures that were enjoyed in the old society, its meetings and reunions, when duty demanded that they lay aside the toils of every-day life, and for pleasure seek.

Consequently, on May 19, 1894, a few of the Old Guard met, and the

initial step was taken to reorganize and rehabilitate the Society of Santa Clara County Pioneers, and from that meeting has grown the present society, whose personnel is composed of many who were members in the old society, with the addition of others who had not connected themselves with the older association, or have located in the county since its adjournment. And there still remains a large number who should come within the fold.

Upon this date a number of Pioneer residents met. The meeting was presided over by J. A. Wilcox, and A. P. Murgotten acted as Secretary pro tem. Some twenty-five or thirty were present. The following pioneers were appointed by the chair to draft a Constitution and By-laws, and report at next meeting, June 1st, 1894: Homer Prindle, Dr. J. P. Dudley, J. C. Bland, Geo. Cross and Mrs. A. Younger.

They reported a code of laws at the next meeting, which were adopted by the pioneers present, who became charter members of the new organization. The following officers were then elected for the ensuing year: President, D. J. Porter; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. L. J. Watkins, and J. Coykendall; Secretary, A. P. Murgotten; Treasurer, B. D. Murphy. The laws did not call for any directors.

The following became charter members: D. J. Porter,* J. Coykendall, Mrs. L. J. Watkins, A. P. Murgotten, B. D. Murphy, H. Prindle, Geo. Evans, Page Hollister, W. L. Manley, Mrs. E. M. Keyes, Mrs. S. L. K. Goodrich, Mrs. P. A. Kidd, Geo. Cross. Mrs. A. Younger, J. C. Bland,* Dr. J. P. Dudley,* Capt. Jos. Aram,* M. Schellinberger, J. B. Church, Mrs. L. C. Auzerais, A. C. Bowen,* Mrs. B. H. Cottle, Mrs. J. F. Lightstone,* Wm. Quinn, C. S. Crydenwise, W. H. Pyle, F. A. Maleck, O. Stevens, S. G. Kimball, J. E. Gordon, P. Monahan, J. M. Smith, D. Williams,* J. Babcock,* N. Hall, G. H. Bose, J. M. Kennedy, Saml. Longley, W. A. January, Stephen Holmes,* Mrs. R. V. Wheeler, B. Burt,* Thos. Williams,* G. W. Hoffman, Mrs. M. A. Saunders, Wm. Newsome, B. H. Gordon, H. J. Ward,* Chas. Nichols, Mrs. E. P. Anderson, A. J. Fowler, D. H. Bartlett,* J. Jacquelin, Mrs. E. F. Amidon,* E. Doty, and Mary E. Bose.*

This society held monthly reunions, and continued to increase in membership for the year. The second set of officers elected in June '95 were: J. Coykendall, President; Mrs. L. J. Watkins, 1st Vice-President; and Geo. Cross, 2nd Vice-President; A. P. Murgotten, Secretary, and A. King, Treasurer.

In '96, the following pioneers were selected by the Pioneers as their officers: J. Coykendall, President; Mrs. R. T. O'Hanlon and Geo.



OFFICERS SANTA CLARA COUNTY PIONEERS.

1 Jas. B. Leaman, President. 2 Wm. D. J. Hambly, Secretary. 3 Lewis Amies Spitzer, Treasurer.
4 Alfred R. Woodhams, 1st Vice-President. 5 J. W. Hines, 3d Vice-President.
Financial Committee:—6—J. B. Church, Chairman; 7—Page Hollister, 8—Albert Schroder.

PROMINENT PIONEERS SANTA CLARA COUNTY.



Jas. M. Quizey. Geo. H. Briggs Mrs. Virginia E. Murphy. Germain Pillot.

PROMINENT PIONEERS SANTA CLARA COUNTY.



Wm. H. Eddy.

Mrs. E. P. Anderson, 2d Vice-President Santa Clara County Pioneers.

Mrs. Willis.

Evans, Vice-Presidents; A. P. Murgotten, Secretary, and D. J. Porter, Treasurer.

The officers for '97 and '98 were pioneers J. E. Gordon, President; Mrs. P. Herold and Page Hollister, Vice-Presidents; A. P. Murgotten, Secretary; and D. J. Porter, Treasurer.

For the year '98 and '99 the following pioneers were selected to govern the body: David Wright, President; Mrs. R. T. O'Hanlon and Mrs. P. Herold, Vice-Presidents; A. P. Murgotten, Secretary, and D. J. Porter, Treasurer. The society now having reached about 100 members.

At the annual reunion and picnic at Alum Rock Park, on June 24th, 1899, the following pioneers were elected to direct the affairs for one year: J. B. Church, President; Geo. Evans and Mrs. R. T. O'Hanlon, Vice-Presidents; W. D. J. Hambly, Secretary, and L. A. Spitzer, Treasurer.

From this date the present society began to prosper. In the next six months over 100 members were added to the roll. On the occasion of the next annual reunion at Agricultural Park, June 23rd, 1900, J. B. Leaman was elected as President, A. R. Woodhams 1st Vice-President; Mrs. E. P. Anderson, 2nd Vice-President; W. D. J. Hambly re-elected Secretary, and L. A. Spitzer re-elected Treasurer.

By the earnest work of this set of officers, the laws governing the society were revised for the better government of all. In the revision one more vice-president was added. These six officers, with the Finance Committee of three, compose the Executive Board, who transact the business of the society between the quarterly meetings. They meet the last Saturday of every month. The first Board consisted of Pioneers President, J. B. Leaman; 1st Vice-President, A. R. Woodhams; 2nd Vice-President, Mrs. E. P. Anderson; 3rd Vice-President, J. W. Hines; Secretary W. D. J. Hambly; Treasurer L. A. Spitzer; Finance Committee, J. B. Church, Page Hollister, and Albert Schroder.

Two progressive movements have been inaugurated by this Board. The first is a co-operative action on the part of the pioneers and the parlors of Native Sons and Native Daughters, to procure a proper location and erect or lease a building for joint occupancy, to be open every day, with parlors, reading-room and all other such apartments as are necessary for the business and enjoyment of those associated.

The other proposition is the establishment of an auxiliary association to the Pioneers, to be be known as the Sons and Daughters of California Pioneers, to be composed of the descendants of pioneer residents prior to 1853. Both the above are movements in the interest of growth and better social conditions of all concerned, and would be of great influence in binding those societies in closer companionship and interest.

The closing chapter of the present history of Santa Clara County Pioneers, for the time being is near. While time is moving on, and we drop by the wayside every once in a while, there remains a large and fine body of the old boys and girls still making themselves known and felt, which was evidenced in December, 1899, and September, 1900, on the first half-century celebrations of the birth of the State and its admission into the Union, the first occasion being in San Jose, and the second in San Francisco.

On June 29th, 1901, this society entrusted its government for another year to the following officers: President, J. B. Leaman; re-elected 1st Vice-President, A. R. Woodhams; re-elected 2nd Vice-President, Mrs. E. P. Anderson; 3rd Vice-President, Mrs. E. W. Simons; Secretary, W. D. J. Hambly; re-elected Treasurer, L. A. Spitzer; Finance Committee—J. W. Hines, Dr. Robt. Caldwell and J. B. Church.

The society begins the eighth year of its reorganization with a membership of 457—253 active members, 175 associated. The wives and husbands of active members, who do not pay dues, and 29 honorary members, widows of deceased members, and others not eligible by reason of date of arrival, but who have rendered valuable service to the society, etc. There are in this county pioneer residents who have not joined the society, numbering 200 or more, from whom there should be a large addition to the membership obtained by active work of members.

This ends a short sketch of the history of a society that should have its companion society in every county, composed of men and women who were the enterprising, self-reliant, fearless argonauts of 50 years ago.

It seems as a dream when we look back through the vista of 50 years, and contrast that semi-barren, unsettled condition of the country comprising this now great State. So great has been the transformation, the natural topography has undergone such remarkable changes both in forest and on plain. Wild game could be killed where the Palace Hotel now stands in San Francisco, and where the Victory Theatre is located in San Jose, showing the march of civilization; and these conditions were begun by many who today are our honored associates in the societies of California Pioneers in the different counties, the largest of any outside of San Francisco being that of Santa Clara County, a body of men and women who are bound together by the bonds of social friendship unencumbered by any religious dogmas, or political party partnership, but who believe in the good they have done and can do now, as a body or individually, being liberal in all things; whose standard of character is measured by the results of effort, and whose every aspiration is the uplifting and betterment of mankind.

List of Members of the Santa Clara County Pioneer Society.

Name	Address	Year
Auzerais, Mrs. L. C.,	145 E. San Carlos	1853
Anderson, Mrs. E. P.,	458 S. Fifth St	1849
Abeel, W. F. & Mrs.,	Northrup St	1852
Archer, L.,	Keyes & Senter Sts	1853
Alexander, J R. and Mrs.,	316 Seventh St	1852
Aram, Mrs. Joseph,*	274 E. St. John St	
Adams, Mrs. J. H ,*	Willows	
Ayer, Mrs Samuel,*	Milpitas	
Adams, Wm. H.,	Mt. Hamilton	1852
Barthel, M. and Mrs.,	140 N. Ninth St	1850
Bose, G. H.,	P. O. Box 725	1848
Briggs, Geo. H. and Mrs.,	West Side	1850
Boring, S. W. and Mrs.,	1042 S. First St	1849
Brohaska, Gus and Mrs.,	124 Delmas Ave	1851
Byron, Geo. & Mrs.,	274 W. San Salvador	1849
Ballou, J. Q. A. and Mrs.,	Milpitas Road	1849
Bell, L F. and Mrs.,	246 Vine St	1850
Benson, S. G. and Mrs.,	East San Jose	1852
Brenan, Jos.&Mrs.,	Northrup & Pinta Sts	1852
Brown, W. D. and Mrs.,	93 Colfax St	1849
Bailey, Rev. A.M. and Mrs.,	College Park	1852
Blakslee, G. H. and Mrs.,	406 Senter St	1853
Butenuth, F. W ,	Pedro and Northrup Sts	1853
Bailey, D. C.,	446 N. Fifth St	1851
Barnes, Mrs. M. C.,	62 S. Third St	1852
Burrell, Martha A.,	Wrights	1852
Blanchard, David L.,	590 N. Fourth St	1849
Bland, Mrs. J. C. (widow),	93 E. S. Fern'do	
Bowen, Mrs. A.C. (widow),	144 S. Ninth St.	
Bicknell, Mrs. S. A.,*	42 S. First St	
Blythe, Mrs. S.,	479 S. Tenth St	1852
Burgess, Abby L.,	East San Jose	1852
Brimblecom, F. A.,	Santa Clara	1852
Church, J.B.,	Cor. Fourteenth & St. James	1852
Church, Mrs. J. B.,*	" "	
Crydenwise, C. S. & Mrs.,	243 E. St. John	1850
Coykendall, Joel and Mrs.,	362 Senter St	1852
Cottle, Mrs. B. H.,	847 Orchard St	1849
Coil, Alex,	156 N. Fifth St	1850
Crawford, H. A.,	196 Montgomery St	1853
Crites, William and Mrs.,	220 S. Ninth St	1849
Coombs, W. L. and Mrs.,	90 N. Fifth St	1852
Coomer, I. J. and Mrs.,	Fruit Dale	1850
Caldwell, Geo. and Mrs.,	94 N. Sixth St	1853
Coomer, J. H. and Mrs.,	Northrup&Pedro	1850
Campbell, Benj. and Mrs.,	Campbell	1846
Chipman, L.J. & Mrs.,	416 E. S. Salvador	1853
Conmy, J. J. and Mrs.,	139 Autumn St	1851
Challen, J. H. and Mrs.,	1023 S. Tenth St	1852
Crane, J. R. and Mrs.,	490 Orchard St	1852
Cooke, C. W. and Mrs ,	1024 S. Tenth St	1849
Caldwell, Dr. Robt.&Mrs.,	340 S. Second St	1853
Churchhill, S W. & Mrs.,	261 N. Fourth St	1852
Cook, C. C..	714 Fourteenth St	1852
Cross, Geo.,	Lundy Lane	1846
Cory, Mrs. S. A.,	435 S. Second St	1849
Chapman, J. C.,	81 Pierce Ave	1852
Carrick, John,	Calaveras Valley	1850
Curtiss, H. H.,	29 Montgomery St	1850
Chew, Alfred,	Evergreen	1853
Conlee, J. M.,	Milpitas	1852
Doty, (E.) or H. and Mrs.,	Campbell	1851
Dixon, Isaac and Mrs.,	P. O. Box 684	1849
Doerr, Philip and Mrs ,	Fourth & William	1853
Duanes, A. D.,	151 N. Fourth St	1849
Duanes, Mrs. A. D.,	151 N. Fourth St	1852
Desimone, Chas.,	155 S. Third St	1852
Dunn, Capt. F.,	Lawrence Station	1852
Drew, Cornelius,	93 Auzerais Ave	1853
Dudley, Mrs. J.P. (widow),	Almaden Road	
Evans, Geo. and Mrs ,	182 S'ta Teresa St	1852
Estes, W. J. and Mrs.,	241 S. Ninth St	1850
Evarts, C. H. and Mrs.,	McKee Road	1852
Evans, F. M. and Mrs.,	Milpitas	1850
Egan, Thos.,	461 San Pedro St	1850
Eddy, A. H. and Mrs.,	761 S. Second St	1853
Frankenberger, Joel,	23 S. Fourth St	1850
Foster, Vincent and Mrs.,	Los Gatos	1849
Fowler, J. D. and Mrs ,	San Luis Obispo	1853
Fogarty, Jas. and Mrs.,	307 Delmas Ave	1852
Goodrich, Mrs. S. L. K.,	346 N. First St	1850
Gordon, B. H. and Mrs.,	Milpitas.	1849
Gould, G. S. and Mrs.,	331 S. Ninth St	1853
Givens, C. T. and Mrs.,	396 Keyes St	1852
Gruwell, F. M. and Mrs.,	East San Jose	1849
Glein, Philip and Mrs.,	Santa Clara	1850
Gordon, J. E.,	San Francisco	1849
Gish, D. E.,	42 S. First St	1849
Gallimore, Mrs. Mary P.,	College Park	1852
Herrold, P,*	248 N. Third St	
Herrold, Mrs. P.,	248 N. Third St	1853
Hambly, W.D.J. and Mrs.,	45 S. Seventh	1852
Hollister, Page and Mrs.,	451 S. Fifth St	1852
Hobson, D. J. and Mrs.,	454 Delmas Ave	1849
Hough, M.J. & Mrs.,	Senter Road, box 61	1852
Hughes, Thos. M. & Mrs.,	451 N. Fifth St.	1852
Hines, J. W. and Mrs.,	College Park	1853
Hamilton, Robt. and Mrs.,	143 Martha St	1853
Huntington, G. H. and Mrs.,	Story Road	1853
Harding, Robt. and Mrs.,	East San Jose	1852
Hamlin, Alpheus and Mrs.,	27 Grant St	1849
Hoffman, Geo. W.,	65 Union St	1852
Hildreth, Mrs. Thos.,	350 S. Third St	1853
Herrington, D. W.,	555 S. Second St	1850
Horne, Mrs. S. F.,	Santa Clara	1852
Hollis, W. H.,	785 S. Second St	1850
Henning, Mrs. C. A.,	Almaden Road	1852
Harris, Thos.,	Morgan Hill	1849

Name	Address	Year
Hewitt, Mrs. A. C., Willow		1849
Humphrey, Milton, 77 Lenzen Ave		1852
Humphrey, Lucretia T., 77 Lenzen Ave		1852
Hatch, Isaac A., S. Fifth St		1849
Hines, Geo. E., 30 N. San Pedro St		1853
Howell, Carroll, Lincoln Ave		1852
Ives, C. G. and Mrs., Milpitas		1851
January, W.A. and Mrs., 418 S. Second St.		1849
Jacqulin, Jos. and Mrs., 383 W.S.Fern'do.		1852
Johnston, S. N. and Mrs., 80 N. Eighth St.		1853
Jacobs, J. K., 356 Marliere St		1849
Jackson, Isabella, 320 N. Seventh St		1849
Jefferson, Geo. H , 496 E. St. John		1852
Kimball, S. E. and Mrs., Mt. View		1849
Kennedy, J.M. and Mrs., 148 N. Tenth St.		1852
Kell, M. D. and Mrs., 665 Prevost St		1846
Keith, P, G. and Mrs., Campbell		1850
Kingery, D. B. and Mrs., 145 N. Fifth St.		1852
Kimberlin, J. M. and Mrs., Santa Clara		1852
Kidd, Mrs. P. A., 346 N. First St		1849
Keyes, Mrs. E. M., 49 N. Thirteenth St		1849
Kerr, John, 372 S. Eighth St		1851
Kircher, Mary J , 479 S. Market St		1848
King, Abram, 843 E Julian St		1850
King, Mrs. Rosana, 843 E. Julian St		1853
Kennedy, E. A., 141 S. Eighth St		1851
Lowery, G. W. and Mrs., 93 Devine St		1852
Longley, Sam'l and Mrs., Mt. View		1849
Landrum, J. C and Mrs., Santa Clara		1850
Leaman, J. B. & Mrs., 429 Lake HouseAve.		1849
Langford, R. J. and Mrs., 650 S. Third St.		1853
Lee, G. W. and Mrs., 481 N. Eleventh St.		1849
Lutzen, P. H., P. O. Box 565		1852
Leddy, D. A., 27 S Fifth St		1853
Leach, S. H., 630 Delmas Ave		1853
Landers, Mrs. J. C., 962 S. Ninth St		1852
Lambkin, Mrs. S., 298 W. San Carlos		1852
Lance, Chas., Evergreen		1849
Lewis, Mrs. Frank,* Capitola		1846
Lucksinger, Mrs.S. (widow), McKee Road		1853
Long, Peter, 859 N. Fourteenth St		1852
Love, C. W., 3353 Twenty-second St., S. F.		1850
Lawrence, Thos., Santa Clara		1852
Manley, W. L. and Mrs., College Park		1849
Murgotten, A.P. and Mrs., 42 N. Tenth St.		1852
Morehouse, H. V. and Mrs., 441 S. Sixth		1852
Merithew, J. C. and Mrs		1849
Murphy, B. D. and Mrs., 354 S. Third St.		1844
Marsh, T. E. and Mrs., Saratoga		1850
Miles, Morgan and Mrs., 258 S. Eleventh.		1853
Menton, H. D. and Mrs., Santa Clara		1850
Martin, C. J. and Mrs., Third & S. Carlos.		1849
Matty, Antonio and Mrs., Wrights		1853
McGettigan, C. & Mrs., ParkAve. & Sunol		
McCubbin, R. and Mrs., Alviso P. O		1850
McClay, Henry and Mrs., Evergreen		1853
McKinzie, W.H. and Mrs., Cottage Grove		1853
McIlvain, A. J. and Mrs., 609 Minor Ave.		1853
McKee, J. O. and Mrs., McKee Road		1850
McGinness, S.and Mrs., 48 Monterey Road.		1852
Malech, F. A., Almaden Road		1850
Monahan, P., Oakland		1853
Mullinary, John, 131 Santa Teresa St		1848
Murphy, Mrs. V. R., Ramona Fifth St		1846
McCracken, Elizabeth, 590 N. Fifth St		1846
McKean, Ambrose B., Mt. View		1850
Medina, A. A., East San Jose		1852
Miller, H. A.,* St. James Hotel		
McDonald, Archy, First and Hobson Sts.		1852
McDonald, Mrs. J., First and Hobson Sts.		1852
Myrick, Judge M. H.,* Campbell		1849
O'Hanlon, Mrs. R. T., 413 S. Eighth St		1852
O'Bannon, Mrs. J. L., 71 E. San Salvador		1852
Prindle, H. and Mrs., 770 E. St. John St.		1853
Palmer, Sam'l and Mrs., Campbell		1853
Pillot, Anthony and Mrs., 28 East St		1850
Peck, Smith and Mrs., 49 S. Seventh St.		1850
Pillot, Alex and Mrs., 680 Orchard St		1850
Pyle, J. H. and Mrs., Box 1216		1846
Pomeroy, Hiram and Mrs., Lincoln Ave.		1853
Patterson, S. A. and Mrs., Palo Alto		1849
Patterson, Mrs. (widow), Santa Clara		
Pyle, W. H., King Road		1846
Pearle, J. Q., 256 N. Fourth St		1852
Pillot, German, 85 S. Eleventh St		1850
Pillot, Mary, 85 S. Eleventh St		1850
Pennimen, A. C., Minnesota Ave		1852
Pfister, Adolph, 63 S. Fifth St		1847
Ponpeo, Jose, 457 W. Santa Clara St		1852
Peckham, W. H., 56 N. Ninth St		1849
Pomeroy, C. W., Los Angeles		1849
Quinn, Wm. and Mrs., Story Road		1853
Quivey, J. M. and Mrs., 472 N. Fourth St.		1846
Quivey, F. M. and Mrs., 447 E. St. John.		1846
Rogers, W. B. and Mrs., Edenvale		1852
Reed, Chas. and Mrs., 334 W. S. Salvador		1848
Rengstroff, H. and Mrs., Mt. View		1850
Rhodes, Judge* and Mrs., Alameda		
Richardson, Monroe, Los Gatos		1849
Rathbone, August, 1229 Sherman St		1851
Stephens, L. D. and Mrs,, 565 Martin Ave.		1849
Selby, J. S. and Mrs., Milpitas Road		1853
Stockton, S. P. and Mrs., Robertsville		1852
Smith, W. L. and Mrs., Box 804		1850
Shafter, J. D. and Mrs., 442 S. Fifth St		1849
Stern, M. and Mrs , 276 N. Third St		1852
Smith, F. M. and Mrs., 899 S. First St		1852
Stevens, O. and Mrs., Coyote		1852
Spencer, H. A. and Mrs., 224 E. St. John.		1852
Sanderson, L. F. and Mrs., Milpitas Road		1849
Sanders, Chas. E. and Mrs., Gilroy		1850
Souresseau, F. and Mrs., 45 W. St. James.		1849

Name	Address	Year
Stelling, John and Mrs.,	36 Magnolia Ave.	1850
Schroder, Albert and Mrs.,	427 S. First St.	1849
Simons, E. W. and Mrs.,	Lundy Lane....	1852
Sherer, A. B. and Mrs.,	College Park.....	1849
Sitton S. P. and Mrs.,	474 S. Seventh St...	1850
Suzzallo, Peter and Mrs.,	143 N. Fourth St.	1852
Shannon, Thos. and Mrs.,	Los Gatos.....	1850
Swain, L. H. and Mrs.,	Palo Alto..	1849
Stewart, S.C. & Mrs.,	Cunningham Road	1852
Shuberth, John and Mrs.,	480 S. First St.	1850
Spitzer, L. A.* and Mrs.,	339 N. First St..	
Smith, J. M.,	McGettigan's Bakery	1852
Shellenberger, M.,	14 Shellenberger St...	1844
Scull, Jos. H.,	142 N. Market St.....	1849
Speigle, W. R ,	Pleasant Ave.....	1849
Smith, Catherine,	697 N. Third St.....	1849
Shesler, Dr. J. A.,	Marlaire St.....	1852
Singleton, Mrs. P.,*	852 S. Third St.....	
Smith, C. C.,	Berryessa.....	1852
Swinford, J M.,	Soquel.....	1852
Thorne, J. D. and Mrs.,	73 Hancock, E S.J.	1853
Thomas, J. W. and Mrs ,	821 S. First St..	1848
Torbert, W.M. and Mrs.,	181 N.Fourteenth	1852
Tarleton, G. W. and Mrs.,	Milpitas Road.	1852
Towle, G.W.&Mrs.,	583 E. Santa Clara St.	1852
Towle, C. F. and Mrs.	12 Sycamore St...	1850
Tripp, Dr. R. B ,	Los Gatos	1851
Tenney, F. M.,	East San Jose.....	1852
Vinter, Wm.,*	35 S. Third St....	
Wight, David and Mrs.,	Willow & Delmas.	1851
Wade, E. H. and Mrs.,	987 Orchard St....	1852
Woodhams, A. R. and Mrs.,	West Side.. .	1849
Woods, Uriah and Mrs.,	425 S. Second St.	1852
Willson, Dorson and Mrs.,	Old Gilroy....	1849
Willson, Albert and Mrs.,	Old Gilroy.....	1852
Wentz, Christian and Mrs.,	Old Gilroy....	1849
Weller, J. R. and Mrs.,	Milpitas.....	1850
Wells, Dudley and Mrs ,	Milpitas.....	1852
Woodson, S. T. and Mrs ,	91 Balbach St..	1850
Wampach, Chas. and Mrs.,	838 S. Second.	1850
Wade, Chas. E. and Mrs.,	Alviso Road...	1850
Wagener, S.H.* and Mrs.,	82 E. S Salvador	
Whalen, Thos.* and Mrs.,	163 N. FourthSt.	1849
Willis, Mrs. Flavilla,	Joliet, Ill.....	1847
Worthington, C. H.,	West Side	1850
Willey, C. F.,	88 N. First St...	1850
Wissman, F. C.,	75 N. River St....	1852
Wissman, Mrs. Sarah,	75 N River St.....	1853
Weiland, Mary,	279 Delmas Ave.....	1847
Williams, Mrs. Sophia,	Madrone...	1849
Williams, Mrs. S. C.,	Cottage Grove.....	1849
Watkins, Mrs. L. J.,	338 S. Tenth St.....	1851
Williams, Mrs T. (widow),	148 E St. John	
Woodsum, Mrs. V. B. "	373 E. San Carlos	
Wheeler, Mrs. W. T. "	15 Henry St.....	
Wells, Proctor R.,*	580 S. Fifth St.....	
Younger, Mrs. A.,	Alviso Road.....	1853
Young, R. J.,	Evergreen	1846

* Honorary Member.

Scientific Department Santa Clara College.

Explanation of Cuts Pages 55 and 56.

BOTANICAL NOTES —*See page 55.*

The College possesses a collection of models, made partly of hardened gelatine and partly of papier-mâché, painted in natural colors and mounted in such a manner that they may be passed about in a class of students without fear of being damaged. Many of these models represent vascular cryptogams on a magnified scale, so as to easily understand how they grow and reproduce themselves, which could not be done before without the aid of a good microscope. The advantage of these models in teaching Cryptogamic Botany is incalculable; it is condensed knowledge. We choose some of these models reproduced by photography and give a short description for the pleasure of our readers.

No. 1 represents the alternate generation of the Ferns, the figure on the right shows the Prothallium; the central one the sporangium in the act of expelling the tetrad spores; next the archegonium, and finally the development of the embryo. In most of the Ferns the underside of the fronds is occupied by rows of sporangia, full of spores (or little seeds) carved in tetrads. The spores in germinating produce not the mother plant, as it happens in the seeds of the Phanerogams, but an intermediate cellular vegetable, called Prothallium. Now this Prothallium turns its protoplasm into two organs, viz: archegonia and antheridia, which in function resemble much the ovules and the pollen grains of the higher plants. In the coalescence or fusing together of the two consists the mystery of the fertilization of the plants, the result of the coalescence is a cell called zygote, which in germinating produces the original cryptogam, viz: the Fern.

No. 2 represents the reproduction of the Equiseta, vulgarly known under the name of Scouring Rush. The right figure shows a single sporangiferous scale with two spores; one with elaters expanded, the other with elaters coiled, next, the archegonium, a flask-like cellular mass with the ovsphere to be fertilized. The central figure to the right shows the spore-bearing stems of Equisetum arvense with a fertile spike; each scale containing two kinds of spores, viz: the macrospores and the microspores, the first giving birth to the female Prothallium and the second to the male Prothallium. The two figures on the left represent the two Prothallia on which the protoplasm becomes converted into

archegonia and antheridia. The antherozoids visit the ovsphere in the archegonium, and by coalescing with it fertilize it. The zygote by germinating produces the sporophyte or the original Equisetum.

No. 3 represents two carnivorious plants Dionœa Muscipula or Venus, fly trap on the left, and Drosera or Sun Dew on the right. When an insect alights on the open leaf of a Dionœa the bristles or spines wherewith the surface is studded, become inflected and hold it prisoner, next the two lobes of the leaf close and the poor creature is killed. In addition to the spiny process, numerous glands are scattered on the whole surface of the leaf, which secrete an acid mucilaginous liquid contains pepsin, a kind of gastric juice, which covers the imprisoned body, and gradually dissolves the albuminous compounds therein contained. The dissolved nitrogenous compounds are reabsorbed by the same glands, as previously discharge the acid liquid in response to the stimulus; and when the trap reopens, the glands are dry. The time requisite for the digestion of the nitrogenous body varies according to the size of the body, from eight to twenty days. No visible change is produced in the leaf by a shock, or pressure effected by a grain of sand, a drop of water, etc., but as soon as the surface is touched by proteids, the two lobes of the leaf close until the sharp marginal teeth are interlocked and the foreign body is enclosed between two walls. The figure on the right shows a leaf of a species of Drosera all covered with filaments or tentacles, looking like pins inserted in a flat cushion. The clavate head must be regarded as a gland which secretes a clear thick pepsiniferous liquid that glitters in the sunlight and attracts the insects. The moment a small insect drops on the tentacles and touches the glands, it becomes entangled. The efforts to save itself help to cover it with the sticky liquid. After a brief interval it dies from suffocation and it is digested in the same manner as in Dionœa.

No. 4 represents the formation and reproduction of moulds. On the left is shown Penicollium Glancum or green mould, often observed on leather, bread and organic bodies undergoing decomposition. The plant exhibits two manners of perpetuating itself. The spores falling on favorable ground produce a mass of hyphae called mycelium. From this feltlike mass rise a multitude or a forest of tubular stems which run into seed as it were, or turn their protoplaes into strings of conidia which ripen fast, drop to the ground, reproduce the mycelium, the forest of erect filaments, etc. The second mode of reproduction shown in the figure is called "conjugation" In the mould fungi known as mucorini, the coalescence of the two kinds of protoplasts is always preceded by the process of conjugation. Two more or less parallel hyphae put forth lateral protuberances, which stretch out towards one another until their two ends come in contact, and where the wall arising from the junction of the two outgrowths dissolves and the two protoplasts coalesce. This coalescence is to be looked upon as the act of fertilization. The figure on the right presents another green mould, the Eurobium Aspergillus Glancey, with mycelium conidiophores, conidia, ascogonium in an advanced stage, fruit in cross section showing the wall, the inner filling tissue and the ascogonial hypha.

No 5 shows the formation and reproduction of both the Blastomycetes and of the Schizomycetes. The figure on the left represents the yeast plant, which causes the fermentation or the reduction of glucose into alcohol and carbonic acid in the manufacture of beer, wines and bread-making. Yeast is a microscopical uncellular plant which feeds on the glucose, producing as a waste product alcohol and carbonic acid. The figure shows the yeast fermenting below, that fermenting at the surface, the spores in tetrads in the inner cavity of the mother cell, free before germination and finally a spore germinated and forming young yeast cells. The yeast plant multiplies in two ways; one by budding like a tree, the other by turning its protoplast into daughter cells. These fill up the whole capacity of the mother cell, burst it, diffusing themselves in the must, causing its muddiness, growing by the absorption of the glucose and proteids of the liquid. The figure on the right shows the shape and form of many bacteria or bacilli that are the cause of so many infectious diseases. Here are figured the bacilli of tuberculosis, typhus, leprosy, anthracis, diphtheria and pneumonia. In order to have a good idea of these bacteria it was deemed advisable to magnify their size in the model from 20,000 times to 51,000.

No. 6 represents three samples of corals from a rich collection that the college bought some years ago. The sample on the left is a fine specimen of madre pora; that in the center is named Dendrogyra, cream-like in color and a very showy specimen from the Bahamas. The specimen on the right is a Turbinaria from the Fiji Isles; it forms one of the most attractive corals.

HISTORICAL NOTES.—*See page 56.*

Relief Map of the Yosemite Valley.—This map was constructed from the data of the best surveys and modeled by E. E. Howell. Among its prominent features may be mentioned the great granite plateau with the lofty domes, the gorge which cleaves it asunder, the walls rising vertically to the summits of El Capitan, Half Dome, etc., 3000 to 5000 feet above the sinuous windings of the Merced River. Size, 4 feet by 6 feet.

Rosetta Stone.—The original is in the British Museum and was discovered in 1799 in the town of Rosetta on the Delta of the Nile. It is of black basalt and contains an inscription in three languages, Egyptian Hieroglyphics, Demotic and Greek, in honor of King Ptolemy Epiphanes. The great interest of this tablet is that it gave the first clue to Champollion to read the hieroglyphics.

Temple Stone —It is the only authentic relic of the Temple of Jerusalem. This stone rested on the top of a balustrade which marked the limit beyond which no alien could go, under pain of death. The warning is written in Greek, and it is supposed that the stone is one of those set up by Herod two years before the birth of Christ.

The Moabite Stone.—The original of black basalt and in Phœnician characters records how Mesha, King of Moab, successfully revolted against Israel. This event is related in II Kings, III. The inscription reads like a chapter of the Old Testament and it is full of interest to biblical scholars.

The Chaldean Deluge Tablet.—It consists of two baked clay leaves, where with cuneiform characters is recorded the account of the deluge. It was discovered in the library of Assurbanipal by Mr. G. Smith. It is the only account outside of the Old Testament in which the cause assigned for the flood is a moral one.

Aztec Calendar.—It is a reduced model from a disc of basalt twelve feet in diameter. From this calendar it appears that they formed the sixteen hours of their day with precision the periods of the solstices and equinoxes. The years are correct, and a good correction was made for the bissextile. The use of this calendar, discovered in 1520 in Mexico, denoted great astronomical knowledge in this people.

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